

# B.A.R. REPORTER

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## Herb Donaldson Lands Muni Bench

### Gov. First Taps Gay Man for Superior Court

by George Mendenhall

Herb Donaldson, long-time Gay activist and civic leader, was placed on the Municipal Bench last week by former Governor Jerry Brown. This newspaper has learned that the attorney was slotted by the governor for the Superior Court but Donaldson rejected the higher position.

The Municipal Court position has a \$57,776 salary, while Superior Court judges receive \$5,000 more. Finances were obviously not one of Donaldson's considerations. A close associate of the new judge told this reporter that he chose the Municipal position "so he could handle more people-oriented type cases." When questioned about the matter, Donaldson appeared surprised at the discovery. He had "no comment."

The low-key Donaldson is now widely known in the Gay community, although political insiders know of his generous

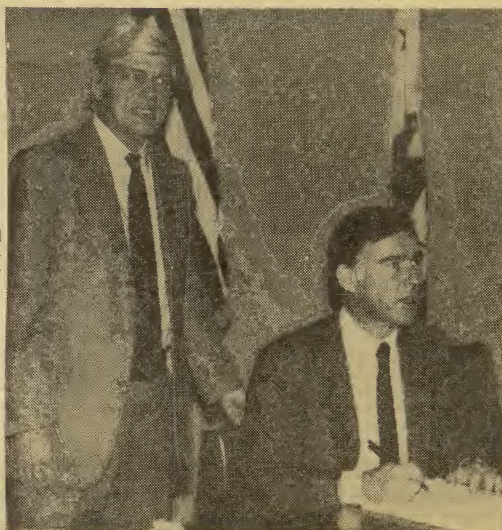
financial contributions to Gay groups, civic causes, and progressive political candidates. The activist owns a successful coffee import/export business, Capricorn Coffees, located in the South of Market area. He has 15 employees who operate the firm, freeing him for a variety of community service involvements, including positions on the boards of several service organizations.

Few people knew that it was Donaldson who was the primary financial "angel" behind the successful Gay Outreach program that has placed many Gay people on

the local police force. A life-long Democrat, he is active in the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club and serves as a director of Gay Rights Advocates, Public Advocates, the San Francisco Mental Health Association, and Bethany Methodist Senior Center.

#### MIDNIGHT TELEPHONE CALL

Judge Donaldson filled a Municipal Court chair three days after being selected by Governor Brown. His first day was Monday, in which he began handling small claims cases and a tenant/landlord trial.



Newly created Municipal Court Judge Herb Donaldson and out-going Governor Jerry Brown on New Year's Day in Sacramento. (Photo: Louise Swig)

Brown, known for his unusual working hours, had called Donaldson two minutes before midnight on New Year's Eve to tell him he would like to see him in his Sacramento office the following day. He asked the attorney on the telephone, "We have met before; haven't we?" During the one-hour office conversation, Brown questioned Donaldson extensively about his philosophy of life and attitudes about law and order. Suddenly, the governor told Donaldson that if he could wait five minutes he would sign the necessary papers. The following day, the activist was sworn in by Superior Judge John Dearman and asked if he would begin work on Monday.

Ironically, the governor had originally telephoned Donaldson exactly 18 years after the new judge had been arrested himself by the San Francisco police. It was on New Year's Eve in 1965 that Donaldson had been apprehended at California Hall when he attempted to convince the police that they should not raid the city's first public Gay dance. An "obstructing the police" charge was later dropped. The resulting publicity began a re-evaluation by the police department of its attitudes toward Gay people.

Donaldson served as an attorney for the Southern Pacific after graduating from Stanford in 1965. He later

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#### AIDS Victim

## Gay Man Says 'Stop Treatment'

by Wayne April

Death is a bitch, but it's as much a part of living as living itself, and no one would agree more than Jim Gresham. Jim has AIDS, Kaposi's sarcoma, and another rare opportunistic disease. The chances of Jim ever living a normal life again were zilch. Rather than remain hooked up to machines the rest of his life, Jim chose to die this week, with his wits about him and his dignity intact.

Gresham has been a resident of Room 410 at Ralph K. Davies Medical Center for a month. He went in thinking he might be a week and ended up signing a living will. He has been a victim of what the

doctors now call Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, or AIDS. With his immune system barely functioning, Jim also contracted two diseases that take advantage of such cases — Kaposi's sar-

coma, a cancer, and crypto sporidiosis, a parasite. The KS is centered in Gresham's chest, and the intestinal disease is wreaking havoc with his digestive tract. He is in constant pain and has lost a considerable amount of weight. He looks gaunt and grey, like a man who death has touched, but not yet taken. He is 35 years old.

Jim still has his sense of humor and he shares it with his visitors. Once he gets going he almost sounds like his old self again, but he tires quickly, and the time allotted to visitors gets shorter and shorter.

Gresham decided last week to have his intravenous tube removed. The tube supplies nourishment directly into his heart. He has been surviving on the tube for a month, ever since his digestive system stopped working.

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Jim Gresham chose this week to terminate his misery and face an imminent death. We wish him safe passage.

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## 3 Cops Raid Jaguar Book Store

by Konstantin Berlandt

Two Jaguar Book Store clerks, John Pofahl and Robert Hale, intend to file complaints today (Thursday) with police Internal Affairs Bureau against three San Francisco officers who last week allegedly cleared the backroom of the private membership club at 18th and Hartford Streets off Castro.

According to both clerks, Officer Donoso Cortes, #656, drew a knife on Pofahl in order to force entrance into the restricted club.

The story as Hale and Pofahl told the B.A.R. last week:

Around 2:30 a.m., after the bars closed Wednesday morning, December 28, SFPD Officers Cortes, John Monroe, #1345, and Robert Ford, #1330, entered the

premises. Monroe stopped by the Christmas tree near the front door while Ford and Cortes moved directly to the locked entrance to the backroom club.

Pofahl, 22, the clerk on duty, explained that without a membership no one could enter the club — a bold lettered sign "No Exceptions" on the locked door, which Cortes tried anyway, insisting these were public premises

where he had a right to go.

When Pofahl refused to open the locked door, Cortes pulled a knife. Pofahl says, describing it as "four inches of shiny steel . . . (it) scared the hell out of me." Nevertheless, he continued to bar the door, until an exiting customer opened it, and the two officers entered, Officer Monroe staying to hold the door open.

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# Britt Shifts on Partners Bill

## Benefits Plan Postponed

by George Mendenhall

In an attempt to find something that the mayor will sign into law, Supervisor Harry Britt has broadened the registration of the "domestic partners" of city employees to include any live-in person not related by marriage. The original legislation, dropped by the Board of Supervisors this week after a mayoral veto, was to include registered partners "not related by blood," and the new relationship was to be added wherever the word "marriage" appeared.

Britt is requesting that his new package (two ordinances and two resolutions) go before the Board's Civil Service and Administration committee on February 1. One ordinance proposes the extension of the registration requirement; the other would make into law what is now common practice — an allowance for live-in partners to visit city employees in city jails and hospitals. The first of the proposed resolutions would be addressed to the city's Civil Service Commission, requesting that it submit (within three months) a proposal that city employees may obtain bereavement leave upon the death of a partner. The second resolution would be to the mayor, urging that she request the Health Service System Board to set up a health plan for partners within a one-year period.

Thus far little controversy has stirred over the new package except the registration portion. The question is whether registration is itself justified and whether such registration is, in reality, a form of "marriage" for live-in partners. Britt emphatically denies that the registration is a marriage certificate. However, he does stress that it is a way of "expanding the concept of family so that all people can choose their partners outside of the traditional forms." Registration is a more honest recognition of our lifestyle, he maintains.

"Of course, Gay people should be able to marry if they wish, but that is not the issue here," says the former Methodist minister. "Marriage must not be recognized as the sole form of dependency. Emotional caring and economic sharing should be the criteria. Registration would give lovers, straight and Gay, a way to publicly validate their relationships. It would also establish a public record to determine dependency for immediate and future benefits."

An unstated purpose of registration is that health benefits might be extended to partners at a later date. Any such benefits must be granted, under the city charter, by the city's Health Board. Britt scratched the disqualification of "blood relatives" from his original legislation in an evident attempt to win more support from some supervisors. However, health plan officials have emphasized that they will not permit blood relatives (i.e. cousins, mothers, uncles) into the system because of the projected increased rates involved. Attorney Matt Coles, author of much of the legislation, is not happy with Britt's change in the bill but is hopeful that it can be reversed later by the Health Board if it considers health benefits.



Dianne Feinstein has new spousal measure to contend with. (Photo: Rink)

The problem continues as to what Mayor Feinstein might be willing to sign when it reaches her desk. The new package has been submitted to her through her Gay aide, Peter Nardoza. Supervisor Britt is chagrined that the mayor has not responded to date, "although we are willing to work with her when we know what her questions and objections are," Nardoza says. "She knows what is going on. I cannot say when or if she will be responding."

One major objection to the original legislation by the mayor was to a section that emphasized "whenever the

city and county of San Francisco uses marriage as a factor in making any decision (including but not limited to the availability of any service, privilege, or employment benefit) it shall use domestic partnership in the same way." The mayor believed the section was overly broad and open to varied interpretations. The section has been dropped by Britt.

The mayor has also called for a possible three-year waiting period before any domestic partner could register. The authors are hopeful that the mayor has eased off on this suggestion. (The local Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights has proposed a six-month waiting period before partners could qualify.) The Britt stipulation is that one can't have had a registered arrangement in the previous six months.

Britt and his aides were confident last month when his original legislation passed the Board 8-3, meaning that there were 8 votes to override a possible veto from the mayor. Britt went East on a speaking tour during this crucial period, confident of victory. Feinstein vetoed and protest demonstrations attacking the mayor brought national attention to the "spousal rights" issue. When some supervisors wavered, the projected override by the Board fell apart. New legislation was presented to the mayor, hopefully meeting her objections, within three days.

Feinstein remains silent on the new legislation, possibly awaiting the results of the February 1 hearing — which could again result in changes. While she may have lost considerable Gay support, the mayor continues to urge that she could not support the original Britt legislation. The mayor has said he could support "proper" legislation. The next move seems to be the mayor's.

## Feinstein's Veto Stands

New Version Tabled, Spousal Rights Dead for Now

by Michael Benzry

The mayor's veto of the Domestic Partners legislation was not overturned at this week's Board of Supervisors meeting. Letting the veto stand was viewed as a victory for Mayor Feinstein's eleventh-hour veto December 8. The original legislation for all purposes is dead. Knowing he didn't have the eight votes he needed, Supervisor Harry Britt did not move to overturn the veto.

In addition, a revised piece of Britt legislation on domestic partners, introduced at the last Board meeting, received a similar fate. "We tabled it. We decided not to go into it now," he said.

But later, holding his fist at his side, Britt said, "It's not going to die."



Supervisor Britt calls for February hearings on his Gay marriage proposal.

The first legislation would have had city law use the term "domestic partner" everywhere "spouse" was referenced. It provided for a system of registering domestic partners, couples who were not married and not related. The measure passed November 30 with an 8-3 majority.

Though originally voting for the law, Supervisors Renne and Kennedy stated they would not vote against the veto. Other supervisors indicated privately they were not inclined to an override.

Britt had three weeks to come up with a version of the law that would attract two-thirds of the votes of the Board. With the holidays, it wasn't enough time. Britt said there would be new committee meetings in February on the subject. The revised legislation was broken in four parts, two ordinances and two resolutions. The new piece focuses on registration of domestic partners (anyone who qualifies — not just city employees). While seeming similar to the original, to some observers the thrust is significantly different.

### OTHER BOARD BUSINESS

In the gallery were several men wearing religious collars and women with young child-

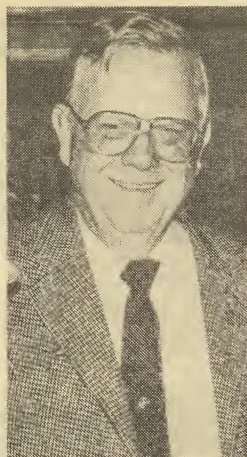
ren. They had come to witness the debate on the motion to proclaim January 22 Women's Reproduction Freedom Day. Supervisor Dolson spoke strongly against the measure, saying it was a day to celebrate abortion, which was murder.

Supervisor Silver said she could not understand how those against reproductive rights also tend to be against welfare for neglected and abandoned children. Several members of the gallery stood as the roll call vote was taken. The motion passed 6-5.

By the end of the meeting most of the business was for honorariums or was tabled. Harry Britt introduced a measure to send President Reagan a letter asking him not to recertify El Salvador as eligible for U.S. funds.

Supervisor Dolson, who was not re-elected, said his farewells.

In a lengthy tongue-in-cheek denial, he said, "I never made the vile charge that Harry Britt is a secret straight." After ten years on the Boards of Education and Supervisors, the conservative-voting Dolson said, "I won't say goodbye. I'll just say I'll see you."



Supervisor Lee Dolson relinquishes his seat at City Hall. The conservative lawmaker, who will be replaced by Bill Maher, made his final good-byes. His record on Gay rights to Gays has been a dismal one. (Photo: Rink)

## Gay Jewish Coalition Forms

In response to a recent statement issued by leaders of San Francisco's Jewish community in opposition to the domestic partnership legislation, local organizations met together and founded the Jewish Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

Taking immediate action, the Coalition has scheduled a meeting with representatives of the Board of Rabbis of Northern California. The Coalition plans to challenge the Board's recent statement in which ten rabbis maintain: "The Jewish tradition is based on the holiness of marriage and the maintenance of the nuclear family, and we must oppose any legislation which

would undermine this strength."

The Coalition hopes to further educate the Jewish community on this and related issues by serving as a bridge between the Lesbian and Gay community and the Jewish community. The founding organizations include Congregation Ahavat Shalom, Congregation Sha'ar Zahav, the Jewish Feminist Conference, the Lesbian and Gay Jewish Activists, and the New Jewish Agenda.

Membership remains open to other concerned organizations as well as unaffiliated individuals. For further information, contact Hank Cohn at 824-5647.

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# Cops Raid Jaguar Book Store

(Continued from Page 1)

"I hit the house light," Pofahl says. About 20 customers "came scurrying out." One customer, who spoke with clerk Hale, 25, outside the building, said he'd been "caught in the act." There were no arrests. The customer quoted one of the officers as saying, "The party's over" or "It's time to go, boys." Hale says he apologized to the customer.

Pofahl complained the officers never "offered any reason for the raid." But before

the two officers inside were through routing customers in the backroom, Pofahl says, "I was a screaming queen at that point."

He remembers questioning Monroe while he was still holding the door open. "Are you bored? You just want to harass some fags?" Pofahl says Monroe answered defensively, insisting he had nothing to do with the raid but was only holding the door.

Hale said he "grabbed a piece of paper and got the

badge numbers" while "John (Pofahl) did all the talking. John told 'em for sure it would be in the B.A.R. and they weren't going to get away with it."

Pofahl retold his story to the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club Executive Committee meeting Monday evening and received a full endorsement condemning the police action. The Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club Issues Committee Tuesday evening voted a similar motion.

Mission Station Captain Taylor, contacted last Wednesday, declined to comment on the case, since, he said, it had already been passed to Internal Affairs and the Chief's office.

But Internal Affairs Commander Richard Trueb, off work last week, told the B.A.R. Monday an "information bulletin" had been issued that "reinstucted the officers on their right of access," explaining the distinction between a surprise permit inspection and violation of private premises without a search warrant.

Although he had not yet received any complaint to I.A.B., Trueb said as the case had been described to him, "Without a search warrant, entry in that fashion would have been inappropriate." Trueb said he had heard nothing about the officer's allegedly holding a knife during the incident but added knives were not regulation police equipment.

Neither book store clerk suggested Officer Cortes had aimed the knife at either of them, Pofahl guessing he may have intended to pick the lock on the private club's entrance with it. Nevertheless, he said, it was "quite intimidating looking, (his) holding that knife."

Jaguar manager Michael Bennett also expressed shock that a police officer would pull a knife on a store clerk. Pofahl had phoned Bennett after the cops had left — their mission over in about ten minutes — and kept the club closed until Michael arrived.

Neither Bennett nor Jaguar owner Ron Ernst seemed eager for much publicity over the incident. The Jaguar fought a celebrated permit fight just two years ago, winning the vote of eight city Supervisors upholding their permit for the membership club's second floor expansion. The vote was later rescinded after much furor in the straight press and the City Attorney's reinterpretation that the club had sought the wrong permit (on written advice from their office), thereby making the Supervisors' permit endorsement moot.

The club has since survived with a lower profile and without public harassment until last week.

Konstantin Berlandt

## '83 Parade Meeting

The Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee is holding a general membership meeting on Sunday, January 9, at the Women's Building (3543 18th Street) from 5-7p.m. The main topics to be discussed will be Float Safety Regulations, the choosing of a logo, and possible locations for an office site. Anyone wishing to submit an entry for the logo should attend this meeting, as the logo will be chosen that night. There is also a very strong need for a Recording Secretary. If anyone is interested in serving in this function, please contact the Parade Committee at 864-1869.



Jaguar employees John Pofahl (l.) and Robert Hale (r.) will file a complaint at Internal Affairs Bureau for alleged police raid. (Photo: Rink)

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# HEADLINES

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# Gay Man Says 'Stop Treatment'

(Continued from Page 1)

A psychiatrist visited Gresham to determine that he was "sane and rational," and then the living will and supplementary paperwork was signed, allowing him to die naturally from starvation. His doctors say he probably won't last more than ten days. He was disconnected from the feeding tube Monday. All he receives intravenously now is a saline and sugar solution to prevent dehydration and Valium to ease the pain.

Gresham decided on his own that death was preferable to living with pain and dependency the rest of his life. "I want to die with dignity," said Gresham. "I didn't want to linger and suffer, and live in a little cottage with my mother, and not have any control over my bowels and be hooked up to machines. I don't want to never be able to eat again, to have to watch

people eat, to smell their food and see the commercials on TV. I don't want to never be able to go camping, never be able to go to the ocean, or do anything except be in that house with my mother. I decided that that was not living, that was just being a vegetable. I'm not going to live just half a life."

Gresham is as much in the dark about how he caught AIDS as his doctors are. To date, no one knows where AIDS came from or how you catch it. Many of its Gay male victims have histories of high drug use and a large number of sexual contacts. This profile doesn't fit all the victims, however, including Gresham.

"My sex life was very mild," said Gresham. "It wasn't any of that heavy, promiscuous nonsense. My doctor told me not to feel guilty, he said as far as they know, it's a virus

and you can catch it like a cold, depending on an individual's immunity. So, the whole thing is, everybody's subject to getting it, no matter what they do or how much they take care of themselves."

Gresham was first diagnosed as having AIDS when he checked into the hospital the first time back in March 1982. He thought he might be in for about three days to get rid of whatever it was that was making him sick. It turned out he had pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, one of the opportunistic diseases common in AIDS patients. He was in the hospital for two months getting rid of it. At one point he considered himself close to death.

When he got out he decided to do something about changing the way he lived. He wanted to meet other men on a more meaningful level than

he had in the past. As he said later, "If I had the chance all over, I certainly wouldn't be standing around in the bar looking for a piece of ass; I'd be back at home baking cookies."

Gresham joined an organization called Other Ways, which advertises itself as "a Gay social alternative." He had been familiar with it since its inception in 1979. But he only had a chance to attend two of its functions, because of repeated trips back to the hospital, including the final one.

Gresham is glad for the two experiences he did have. It was the beginning of what he wanted the rest of his life to be. "I realized that after ten years (in San Francisco) the same old-bodies were hanging around looking for whatever. I wanted nurturing. I wanted acceptance. I wanted love. I wanted to be needed. I wanted a place with people. I wanted to develop meaningful relationships and something that would give me a

more quality lifestyle."

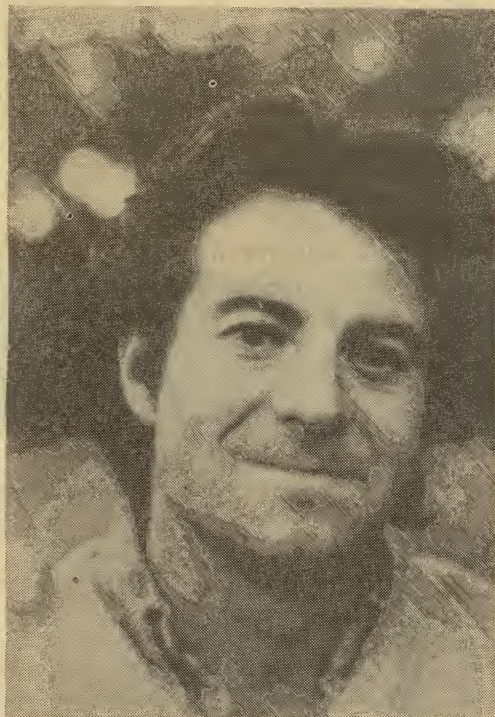
Members of Other Ways have made a point of visiting Gresham during his illness, even though few had met him earlier. Under Gresham's instructions, Other Ways will organize the memorial service. It will be a "celebration of life and death," according to Gresham. "People need to learn to accept death."

Gresham is currently being visited only by his sister and father. They are the only ones he wanted to see when he started to die. "I've delivered up all my responsibilities to others, now I just want them to give me my shots and let me fade away," he said.

As far as advice for the rest of us, Gresham offered this: "Do what you want to do in life, before it's too late," he said. "I had no idea that when I closed my apartment door and heard the lock click, that it would be the last time I would ever hear it." ■

Wayne April

## Information on Murdered Man Sought by PD



Detective Gutierrez of the Richmond homicide detail has asked Bay Area Reporter readers for help.

Gutierrez has been assigned to the case of Gary Ryman, Peninsula champion horseman, who was found murdered in Richmond December 7.

Ryman's whereabouts between 8:30 p.m. December 6 and 8:00 a.m. December 7 are unaccounted for. The police have two CYA wards in custody as suspects who were on a weekend furlough. One youth is 16, the other 17; both are over 6 feet tall and look older. They could have been on Polk Street the night of the murder and picked up by Ryman.

Ryman drove a 1982 green Volkswagen Rabbit convertible. He was known to frequent several Polk Street clubs: The Giraffe, Kimo's, Liberty Baths. In Berkeley he was known to go to the Steam Works. Ryman had been out drinking on Polk Street earlier on December 6. He was picked up by his roommate at 7 p.m. at Polk and California. He returned home and went out again around 8:30 p.m.

Several times during the investigation the name of a friend of Ryman's, one "Sunshine," has come up. Ryman was supposed to have met his friend earlier in the day. Detective Gutierrez would like "Sunshine" to contact him at 231-3592.

Anyone who might have seen Ryman or the two suspects are urged to call Gutierrez or Bay Area Reporter Editor Paul Lorch at 861-5019. Confidentiality will be maintained. ■

## Congress Appropriates \$2 Million for AIDS

The Gay Rights National Lobby's (GRNL) effort to increase funding for research on Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) met with tremendous success during the lame duck session of the Congress. Congress passed a Continuing Resolution funding the government for the rest of the fiscal year which runs through September 30, 1983. In the Continuing Resolution, \$2 million was appropriated for AIDS research to be conducted by the Center for Disease Control (CDC). In fiscal year 1982, only \$500,000 for AIDS research was provided. The funds for AIDS represent a significant victory, since there were only two other new health related programs funded during the entire 97th Congress.

The CDC funds will be used to expand monitoring activities in an attempt to learn more about the disease. AIDS has been identified in nearly 800 cases nationwide resulting in almost 300 deaths with two new cases reported each day. Medical researchers still know little about the cause, mode of transmission, treatment or cure for AIDS. It is known, however, that the syndrome causes a profound suppression of a critical part of the body's immune system.

The coalition assembled by GRNL to support increased funding, according to its press release, was an important ele-

ment in the success of the lobbying effort. Included among the groups which pledged their support for AIDS funds were the American Public Health Association, the American Psychiatric Association, the National Association of Social Workers, the American Psychological Association and the National Hemophilia Foundation. GRNL plans to expand this coalition in order to increase awareness and support for AIDS research.

In the continued effort to expand the federal commitment to AIDS, GRNL will be focusing increased attention on the National Institutes of Health (NIH). While the Center for Disease Control has made AIDS one of its top priorities, NIH continues to lag behind in devoting resources to AIDS research. An increased commitment by the National Institutes of Health is essential because NIH performs the research necessary to gain an understanding of the medical aspects of the disease while CDC concentrates on the surveillance of incidence and other important statistical gathering functions. GRNL intends to further utilize the field network in attaining this goal.

"Our goal is to turn the ever increasing concern of the Gay community about AIDS into effective political action," said Steve Endean, GRNL Executive Director. ■

## NGRA Enters Ohio Case

National Gay Rights Advocates has filed a brief urging the reinstatement of a guidance counselor in Mad River, Ohio. The school district there refused to renew Marjorie Rowland's contract solely because of her sexual orientation.

NGRA has asserted that Rowland's constitutional rights were violated. Leonard Graff, NGRA Legal Director, said: "There are court decisions that establish the legal rights of public employees. The First Amendment protects school teachers from discharge based on what they say and believe."

The school district's position is that a person like Rowland could not be respected and therefore would be ineffective. Jean O'Leary, Executive Director of NGRA, said: "This attitude is a perfect example of prejudice based on outdated myths." O'Leary further stated that "NGRA is committed to fighting this type of employment discrimination."

The lawsuit was filed in May of 1975 in the U.S. District Court and Rowland won a judgment in excess of \$40,000 in the fall of 1981. The Mad River school district appealed the decision and the case is now before the U.S. Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, Ohio. ■

## Ed Asner & Virginia Apuzzo Headline GGBA Dinner

Final details have been confirmed for "Installation 1983" — the Ninth Annual Installation of Directors and Awards Dinner of the Golden Gate Business Association.

The annual event is scheduled for Monday, January 31, at the Hyatt Regency San Francisco at Embarcadero Center in the Golden Gateway Ballroom. Featured speaker for the evening is Ed Asner, Emmy Award-winning actor, star of the "Lou Grant" television series, and outspoken humanitarian. Joining Asner will be Virginia Apuzzo, the newly-elected Executive Director of the National Gay Task Force and Executive Director of the Fund for Human Dignity, Inc.



Ginny Apuzzo will headline GGBA '83 Installation at the Hyatt Regency.

The program emcee will be Carol Roberts, a Bay Area favorite whose comedy as the "Food Sexual" makes her a natural for the dinner event.

The evening also includes the presentation of both

Community and Member Service Awards. Last year's Community Service Award was given to Dr. David Kessler of the Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights (BAPHR).

Founded in 1974, GGBA is a nonprofit Bay Area business association which forms a network of over 700 predominantly Gay and Lesbian businesses, services, and professionals. "Installation 1983" is open to both GGBA members and nonmembers.

No-host cocktails begin at 6 p.m. followed by dinner at 7:30 p.m. Tickets for advance reservations with payment received by January 26 are \$37.50 per person. After January 26 and at the door (if available) tickets are \$42.50. For more information or to obtain tickets, call GGBA at (415) 956-8660. ■



# New Year's in the Castro

by Konstantin Berlandt

New Year's parties, the cold weather, and maybe a sprinkling of KS paranoia kept the crowd at 18th and Castro at midnight much smaller this year than in several previous, but the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence were there, nevertheless, in red, white, and blue, stars and flaming pink satin sash — Sisters Mary Media, Florence Nightmare, Chanel 2001, and several others snaking their way into the intersection, stopping traffic for the crowd to take the streets.

Champagne flowed, whistles blew, kisses too; buses honked and were let through.

But soon the crowd had thinned again as some had split back to the warmth of the



New Year's Revelers on Castro. Drag in all its manifestations — traditional, fantasy, and genderfucking — gather for champagne. (Photo: Rink)



Gay revelers take to the intersection at Castro and 18th. (Photo: Rink)

bars, more parties and whatever else people do to ring in the New Year.

At the Jaguar Bookstore party in the backroom, photographer Fisher Ross was laughing at the refreshment counter as the boys in the backroom were pumping away, despite a 3-cop raid last week.

At parties sampled by this reporter, many made a mellow evening of this New Year.

Parade Co-Chair Linda Boyd and her lover, former Parade Co-Chair Barbara Cameron, said they spent a quiet evening at home watching the Christmas tree lights twinkle.

But Mayor's Criminal Justice Council member David Custead may have been the mellowest of all, having fallen asleep shortly after 10 and not waking up until after 2:00 in '83.

Meanwhile, Charles Hopkins was dancing the night away at the I-Beam, and then says he fell into bed with a friend where they remained — sleeping and fucking — until Sunday morning. Or was it Tuesday?



Leather was a big number on Castro Street this New Year's Eve. (Photo: Rink)

## Gay Mental Health Services

Staff who are sensitive to Gay issues have been designated by District 5 Community Mental Health to better serve Gay and Lesbian clients. Gay individuals wish-

ing information about mental health services can call 661-4400 (Sunset/Parkside residents), 668-5955 (Richmond residents), or 334-4717 (Ocean View, Merced

and Ingleside residents) and ask for the "Gay Contact Person." Emergency services are available 24 hours a day at Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, 681-8080, ext. 394.

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VOL. XIII NO. 1 JANUARY 6, 1983

NEXT DEADLINE: JAN. 7

NEXT ISSUE OUT: JAN. 13

## VIEWPOINT

## LETTERS

### Steep for 4-6 Minutes

The paper's publisher this week is being considered for an appointment by the Board of Supervisors. And discretion suggests I write nothing that will jeopardize the political raisin at their disposal.

As coincidence would have it, I had prepared a whizzer for this week. Written days before Channel 4 breezed by to film the publisher grazing placidly amid his busy bees, the editorial bore the foreboding title, "A Warning to the Supervisors."

It ended with an ominous quote: "Every increase of needs tends to increase one's dependence on outside forces over which one cannot have control, and therefore increases existential fear..." — Schumacher.

Whoever Mr. Schumacher is I have no idea, but the very weight of his name suggests he could pass for a heavy Teutonic philosopher.

I bring that up only because I discovered the quote on the back of a Celestial Seasoning packet of Sleepy Time herb tea bags.

My first draft on falsely invented needs ended legs up in the air in need of a pungent sign-off. Mr. Schumacher's aromatic leaves of grass fit my piece to a "T. Alas, the innards will have to hold another issue.

The same day, one of the paper's constant callers rasped and bellowed that I should editorialize on Governor Brown's fulfilling his commitment to the Gay community with his eleventh-hour appointment of two more Gay judges. Lately our chum has taken to barking at the oddest hours, "Strip the front page... I've got this week's big story coming up..." Luckily I already had my editorial sitting on the windowsill to cool — just about ready to dish up. I wasn't about to spring for a fallen star.

Tuesday along came the big brother *S.F. Chronicle* referring to us in a page two bylined story as "a popular Gay newspaper that delights in covering city politics with front-page stories, plenty of big-smile photographs and a punchy gossip column. Thousands of copies are passed out free in Gay bars and bistros."

The plug filled the office with even brighter smiles, and gossip columnists began phoning in asking if they were the punchy scribbler — or did the author mean the columnist with punch. The reporter's bouquets were in reference to the publisher's possible appointment — filling in the blanks, so to speak. Little did he know what he was "wraughting."

For no sooner did another Gay publisher spy the warm words than they began getting under his itch. In turn he began calling supervisors, registering his reservations on our publisher's aptitudes. In old-time talk he was wishing us more than a dose of hard roots.

For a moment, knowing the constancy of supervisors by rote, I saw a possibility of running my original editorial after all. For writing one more paean to Jerry Brown was as attractive an assignment as flying to Kenya with Linda Ronstadt.

And about that time don't think I didn't share with Charles McCabe his realization that it was time to tell the company brass he was folding his tent for a solstice or two. Writers burn out a lot easier than a Carol Doda.

With that, the "reeler" juices began to flow, for on my own staff I had witnessed burn-out as the paper went weekly. It was well worth exploring, but not this far along the way with three yellow pages already filled. I had cast a few more swine before the pearls — enough for a chill January 6.

The frosting? This week's *Advocate* is a good one — much scratch for thought. A lengthy feature on Gay culture in San Francisco leaves not a giddy pebble unturned. Every bone is picked clean without a mention of the Gay press.

Guess that tells me a thing or two.

Having gotten this far — under that interdict, foolish reader, did you deserve any better?

Unlike Celestial Seasonings I never promised "no caffeine" in my brew. The metaphor is inside out, but then so is Mr. Schumacher, just as are Gay marriage certificates — and as one out of the culture, I'll let someone else do the straightening out this week.

Paul Lorch

### CASTRO BEATING

★ An open letter to the Gay Community of Castro Village.

What have we become... We see and do nothing to help... we let two young men wielding empty beer bottles beat three of our brothers. I am talking about what happened once again on Castro... a beating. This time it was Robert Dern and his two friends. Next time it could be you or I.

How dare we stand and let this kind of thing happen. Why were we not there to help? Don't tell me some of you didn't see. Castro Street never sleeps. Were we much too busy looking for our night's trick to care!

We are to blame, we let it happen. We saw but did nothing.

This year I am running for Emperor of this fine city of ours, and if I am elected into office, I will do my best to put two things back into our way of life: one is caring, the other is helping.

Let's not let this happen again. Remember next time it could be you.

Tattoo Jim

### REGISTRATION

★ Re: "Gay Marriage License". Under no circumstances should Harry Britt's proposal be buried in committee or dropped. In the event of a satisfactory compromise not being reached with the Mayor, it should again be voted upon in order that Supervisors Renne and Kennedy may go on record as either supporting the measure once again or as supporting the Mayor in her veto. This entire incident has been very enlightening and promises to be even more so. I especially like the advertisement for Roman Control Systems that ran in the Voice and trust the B.A.R. would welcome similar advertising. Yes, I would register.

Reid Condit  
San Francisco

### A SIGN UP

★ Responding to the questions posed in your Editorial Interrogatory entitled "Gay Marriage License" (B.A.R. Dec. 29, 1982), we, lovers about to complete four years in a monogamous homosexual marriage, depose thus:

Yes, we would favor registering our marriage at City Hall for \$23.00.

Supervisor Britt, in order to make his "Gay marriage ordinance" more pragmatic ought to attach an amendment which would allow for the "spontaneous infatuation" inherent in "physical flings" and, in so doing, require that the partners' relationship be of no less than six (6) months duration.

This latter factor, readily applicable to nongay relationships, could be substantiated by: rent receipts; joint bank accounts; insurance policies; and/or mutually complementary wills, *inter alia*.

Thomas F. Lundquist  
San Francisco

### FIRM CONTROL

★ Re: Tippy (J.O.) Tinsel's letter (Dec. 30). Some gays like Tippy, unfortunately, don't realize there is a place and time for everything — even sex. The Y is not the place anytime. A lot of us enjoy working out at the Y, which is relatively cheap and has many advantages. We do not want to see it become just another

place for sexual activity. Yes, we like to look and admire, but we use control and keep our hand off ourselves and others.

Rather than us "stuffed shirts" going back in the closet, as he suggests, Tippy — and others of his ilk — should take their sexual exhibitionism to the many glory hole clubs, baths and various back rooms that cater to such activity. That way, the Y will not be ruined for the rest of us, and they will find a more appreciative audience for their talents.

Richard Dickson  
San Francisco

### BEING RIGHT ON COORS

★ In regards to your comment in the Dec. 23 B.A.R., that the publishers of *The Voice*, *The Castro Times* and *The Sentinel* have "let themselves be had" by accepting Coors' generous invitation to come to the brewery and investigate the issues at Coors' expense — may I suggest if you feel that way, you go there at your own expense, and do an investigation.

Or are you afraid that if you did, you would find out the same thing *The Advocate* did in 1977, and that *The Castro Times* did in 1981 — that Coors is not the enemy we have made them out to be, that the rumors about Coors being anti-Gay and discriminating against minorities are false, that this whole boycott is irrational and unfair — and that you, like the rest of us, must admit that we have been wrong about Coors?

Daniel Owen  
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: There is nothing generous in an invitation that could damage one. We have been at Golden, Colorado — five years ago — at our own expense and reported what we saw then. At issue is not whether we were right or wrong about Coors, then or now. We are not promoting a boycott; we are not defending one. Hence we have nothing to admit, nothing to defend.

P. Lorch

### AGED & DISABLED GAYS

★ Some of my friends who are disabled gays and/or elderly gays have asked me to write this letter on their behalf. It is a fact that 10% of the population is disabled and/or elderly, so there must be a similar proportion among the gay community sufficient to justify full support for this appeal. No doubt many will agree that the above category of gays "feel a bit out of place" and would like very much to find similar support to that enjoyed by fully fit gays. Can we organize a group to achieve this end?

Experiencing the disadvantage of the prejudice of being a disabled gay and/or senior gay makes the closet even more oppressive and depressing. There are few opportunities for them of associating with other gays who have empathy and who are also liberated. Fellowship with other gays can be wonderful in reducing the feeling of inferiority and rejection for the disabled gay and the senior gay.

The importance of good looks to the gay scene (as overplayed by the gay press) is a terrible threat to the deformed, the amputees, and/or the visibly handicapped. It is indeed regrettable that human relationships are not higher on the priority list, where the disabled and senior gay might score better.

In the coming year of 1983, the gay community should review its priorities and make a resolution to include disabled gays and gay seniors as an integral part of our ongoing struggle for equality and justice.

Ed Dollak  
San Francisco

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# LETTERS

## ORALLY

★ Just a quick note to say that I am in total agreement with Art Rambo's letter in your last issue regarding oral sex. Too many men in this city seem to regard oral sex as something you only do at the glory holes or in a cubicle at the movie houses, rather than as a total sexual experience.

I guess you could call me a "mar'ho leatherman," so I may mislead some guys by virtue of my appearance. But I've had men come on to me like crazy in the bars, only to have them walk away from me as soon as I mentioned I had no desire to get screwed or to screw them. My comment to one was: "You're not really looking for a nice guy, are you? You're just looking for an asshole." I expected him to be pissed. Instead, he looked at me quite frankly and said, "Yeah, I guess you might put it that way."

Last week a friend of mine met a man in one of the South of Market bars. They talked for an hour, during which my friend told the guy repeatedly that he was only interested in oral sex. They guy agreed wholeheartedly, and when I left them they were making-out like two lovers. The next day my friend called to tell me that when they arrived at his apartment, things went smoothly at first. Then the guy expressed total surprise that my friend did not want him to fuck him. The guy got hostile and, upon leaving my friend's apartment, kicked out two panes of glass in his front door (the repair bill being \$85.00, just what my friend needed for Christmas).

While I'm aware that everyone has his/her sexual preference, I think it's a shame that so many men in San Francisco are so caught up in what they perceive their "role" to be or in such a habit pattern that they totally lose perspective insofar as the guys they meet are concerned.

Believe it or not, guys, getting screwed — for some of us — is neither enjoyable nor exciting, only a painful ordeal. There are, however, other things to do. If more of you would get off your fucking desperate role trips, maybe you could learn to be a lot more open. Who knows, you might even meet the man of your life or at least have a good time.

Brian O'Hara  
San Francisco

## THRIFT APOLOGISES

★ The preceding B.A.R. carried a letter from John Payne, criticizing our pickup service at the Community Thrift Store. I hope you will print this response so that I may apologise publicly to Mr. Payne, whom we let down badly.

In getting the Thrift Store started, we had probably committed every mistake in the book. The patience and indulgence of our sponsors and donors has been amazing. In Mr. Payne's case, as he said, we failed our promises, and caused him a great inconvenience. And I am very, very sorry that that happened.

Our great problem at the store is that we are all overworked. Despite heroic efforts, pickups and donations are still coming faster than we can process them. We now have 24 regular volunteers. We need 50. In our first three months, we raised almost \$5000 for various community groups. This is a proud achievement from a cold start. But with enough help, we could do \$10,000 every month.

We need pickups, sorting, pricing, store layout, cashiers, public relations, maintenance, shift supervisors, painting, electrical work, accounting, appliance repair — everything. My deepest hope is that more people will join with us, so that we can provide more of the funding that is so urgently needed by so many groups. For everyone who does volunteer, I can promise that 1983 will be a great year — a little bit crazy, some hard work, a little bit campy, and the satisfaction of being of invaluable service to groups that are trying to make the world a better place for us all.

Don Miesen  
Manager  
Community Thrift Store

## LETHAL CONDUCT

★ Thank you for your excellent article and thorough profile on the AIDS victim who took his life (Dec. 23 issue).

He had the statistically most frequent gay AIDS profile: poor health maintenance, heavy drug use, multiple impersonal sex.

However, this is not the only way of acquiring AIDS as indicated by the following categories of AIDS victims: newborn infants, medical patients receiving blood transfusions, gay men who do not fit the above profile, needle drug users.

It is obvious why this lethal condition is spreading like wildfire through the gay community, as illustrated by this case. The victim knew he was ill, so he "avoided physical contact" with his friend; but he had no qualms about transmitting his condition to many unknown gay men.

Greg West  
San Francisco

## THE ROBES

★ Archbishop Quinn is Jerry Falwell in high drag!

Don Miesen  
San Francisco

## UP THE LONG LIFE



(Photo: Rink)

★ We are grieved and saddened by the death suicide of Richard Herbaugh. But there are many choices available to those who have been, or may be, diagnosed with KS or any other AIDS disease.

1. Being diagnosed with an AIDS disease is NOT a death knell. Early diagnosis and treatment and a positive attitude may lead to long life, and not necessarily a death sentence.

2. There are a number of community resources to support those who are ill and those who are well but concerned:

• If you have been diagnosed as having KS or pneumocystis pneumonia, or you are the friend or lover of a patient, call The Shanti Project at 558-9644. Support groups and individual counseling are available.

• If you have been diagnosed with another AIDS disease, or are well but concerned about AIDS, Gay Men's Support Groups are being formed at Health Center #1. Call 558-2507.

• If you think you may be ill, or want to find out more information about AIDS, call the Kaposi's Sarcoma Foundation at 864-4376, for medical referrals and information.

There is a large network of organizations and people who are here to support and educate the community about AIDS. We need to work together to prevent other unnecessary deaths.

Rick Crane  
Program Director, KS Foundation  
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: Some people fear hospitals, doctors, and treatment that is a question mark more than they do death. And while we might grieve over their choice, who are we serving when we make promises we can't keep?

P. Lorch

## DIAGNOSES

★ It was with a sad heart when I read about the death of the late Richard Herbaugh.

One fact was not made entirely clear in your article and that is did Richard have KS or was it the more common but very curable. A cancer that Nancy Reagan has been operated on recently (94% curable). At the end of the article the coroner's report said the cancer was localized. This does not sound like KS symptoms.

Frankly the question is this. Are doctors going to look into a gay person's mouth, see a sore, diagnose it as cancer, and then tell the patient he has KS? Did the original biopsy done by Richard's doctor actually diagnose his cancer as KS? The coroner's report says the cancer had not "metastasized." Did the coroner's report say that the virus or cells were those belonging to KS or more curably localized cancer in the mouth?

Did Richard's doctor tell Richard he had KS when the coroner's report says it was a localized cancer?

May Richard rest in peace.

Richard Waldo  
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: Have we any reason to suspect things were other than what they were?

P. Lorch

## OVERSIGHT

★ Regrettably, I neglected to include poet Tede Mat thews among the celebrity Santas who volunteered their time the weekend before Christmas to benefit the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee. On behalf of the Committee I would also like to thank the Santas (and Anti-Santa) one and all, event organizers and the community who participated.

Konstantin Berlandt  
Reporter & '83 Co-Chair L/GFDC  
San Francisco

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# LETTERS

### CHECK FOR PARASITES

★ In April of 1982 I was diagnosed as having Kaposi's sarcoma. During the very thorough medical examination that followed, CMV virus (cytomegalovirus) and an intestinal parasite (E. histolytica) was discovered. At that time I was not sick and was not aware of any intestinal problems. Within 30 days, I was put on 3-drug chemotherapy for my KS. I was also treated for parasites.

Immediately, I started to read all the published information in medical journals about AIDS, Kaposi's sarcoma, CMV, and intestinal parasites. In August of 1982 I discovered a case discussion of a gay Danish man diagnosed with Kaposi's sarcoma and also intestinal parasites. After the treatment for intestinal parasites the KS went into remission and after 23 months the patient is reported to be "clinically well" by his doctors. The patient received no chemotherapy for the KS. Because of this information, I immediately stopped my chemotherapy. Could it be that chemotherapy treatments do additional damage to an already depressed immune system?

It is now January 1983 and I am free of KS and am extremely healthy. My immune system shows signs of recovery. Could it be that the doctors and medical experts are looking in the wrong direction in uncovering the cause of AIDS? Could it be that the real underlying problem is intestinal-parasites???

The following changes in my life style have also been made:

1. No sex or exchange of body fluids (including saliva) until my immune system has fully recovered. I know that my immune system has been compromised and I am not going to insult it with further diseases or viruses.

2. Megadosing of vitamin supplements. This includes Zinc because it has been demonstrated to regulate the immune system. Also included is a very high Vitamin C supplement taken four times a day. Vitamin C has been shown to inhibit virus growth and also to inhibit cancer. It also fortifies the body by promoting the production of interferon naturally.

We are now watching closely other patients diagnosed with KS that have elected not to receive chemotherapy. They are also on heavy vitamin supplementation. At this time these patients have not had a spread of KS and are on treatment for intestinal parasites.

Some local doctors that have become aware of the cellular suppression caused by parasites are now reviewing the role of parasites in AIDS. Unfortunately, this group is very small. Many doctors are still not treating "nonpathological" parasites. Some doctors are not even testing their patients for parasites.

If any are worried about AIDS, I would suggest that you read the article that appeared in the December 30 issue of the B.A.R. (Parasitism and Immune Suppression: An AIDS Connection?). A good way to start the New Year would be to be checked out by a doctor for intestinal parasites. Also included would be preventive measures to preclude becoming infected (or re-infected).

Name Withheld by Request  
San Francisco

### GYM JIBE

★ Says John Durak of the City Athletic Club in the last issue of B.A.R.: "Let's face it, to be Gay in San Francisco you have to join a gym. It's a competitive world out there."

But if we were proud of being Gay, would we try to make ourselves into a mirror image of butch straight men? If we know how to love each other, would we need the fantasy merchants? Has the Gay world become nothing but a big gym — and one from which there is no exit?

Loosen up and free the woman within. Tootsie.

The Red Queen  
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: Would the same logic apply to the securing of a Gay pseudo marriage certificate?

P. Lorch

### PHONE SEX

★ I'd like to let it be known that I'm disheartened and dismayed by the recent advertising hype in the B.A.R. and elsewhere for "The Connector" and other phone sex services. Before, we only saw a few sad personal ads, soliciting obscene phone callers as substitutes for real lovers.

Now, it seems to be big business (and big bucks: VISA and M/C accepted) and it scares me because it exploits lonely people, providing them, for a fee, with only an audible semblance of the personal contact they need so desperately.

I realize I will be accused by some of being judgmental. The old "each to his own fantasy" argument. True, it can be fun if it is just an occasional diversion or if you've just had extensive face surgery. But it also has the potential of becoming a dangerous illusion. And, I should confess at this point that, for me, sex is totally visual and tactile. The sexiest voice on the phone does nothing to stir my hormones. So these "services" are not for me, but who am I to say they're not for others? Right?

I do so because I'm seriously concerned that this "alternative" deceives people into thinking that they are actually having authentic human contact, temporarily satiating their desires for sexual release and ridding them of the urge to go out and seek the live person they really need to fulfill themselves. Even more disturbing, though, is it seems another blatant example of gays taking unfair advantage of their brothers by capitalizing on their loneliness and/or disappointment with the bar scene. They even go so far as to say "afraid of catching something?" thereby bankrolling on our fears as well.

We all know how difficult it can be at times to find significant contact in the bars and baths, but PLEASE, let's not just give up and sit at home, jerking off with one hand and holding a cold piece of plastic to our ears with the other. It's a pathetic substitute for warm manly love.

Thomas Michael Smith  
San Francisco

### WE BLEW IT

★ Even by the admittedly low standards of San Francisco journalism, your coverage of my roommate's suicide was particularly poor.

Suicide notes are not intended for publication. In fact, they are the most private of all forms of communication. They can be quoted, or paraphrased if necessary, but to publish the whole letter is an invasion of privacy. Richard's emotional life was so closely guarded that to spill his last communication all over San Francisco is grotesque.

The article seemed to me to romanticize suicide. Virtually every gay person I know has had to deal with suicide, either their own attempts or that of friends. Much of our lifestyle borders on the self-destructive. I expected that gay people in positions of responsibility at this stage in history would be less glib, and more sensitive. I was naive. It is nice, however, to be reminded that I am not hopelessly jaded.

I do not understand how, as a professional journalist, you could write a front page story of his death on the basis of only one interview. Consequently, there are several inaccuracies, as well as significant omissions.

There was one other person who Richard told about having cancer.

Richard was not asked to leave our apartment. He told me two months ago that he was planning to move out around the first of the year.

Your article also stated that he was a jock in high school. Richard was also active in high school theater, but was so hassled about that by the real jocks that he never went back to acting. This split was to go right up to his suicide note. Like many other faggots, his greatest role was the one he presented to the straight world. I think that he could not keep up that role when he found out about KS, and that's why he killed himself.

You had a great chance to write a sensitive piece about choice, life, disease, the state of gay life, and the panic that this plague is causing. You blew it.

Sean McShee  
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: You are right on one point. We see suicide as one of the legitimate options in dealing with AIDS and opportunistic diseases. That is not to say we suggest it, nor is it to say we condemn it. We respect the decision of the person who makes it.

P. Lorch

### HYGIENE

★ The vehement attacks on those who fail to douche before sex makes me wonder. Douching is a healthy, considerate gesture, but what about the fucker? Has his cock, ass and balls been properly washed and rinsed? It is too common in sex palaces to see a cock pulled out of one asshole and shoved into another ass or mouth. The Grand Wizard may not like the aesthetics of seeing shit, but tasting it is something else (not to mention the combined cock/anal/salival juices of a dozen partners).

Hygiene involves all participants.

There are other considerations. Douching can be a messy, painful, time-consuming process that really requires the privacy of one's own bathroom. Not all sexual encounters are planned in advance. Even a well-douched anal tract is not antiseptic. A rigorous sexual workout will inevitably contaminate a cock even when it doesn't appear shitty. Ironically, a shitty encounter would at least encourage a thorough cleansing afterward, a practice too seldom seen.

I also find it inconsistent that someone who wants to "plough" my ass is afraid of setting his blade into a little nite-soil. How quickly this tough macho type reverts to the rather effeminate consideration of aesthetics at the sight of (horrors) some shit. Really now, what did one expect to find up there? And wasn't it only back in the Fifties that the query "Stir my fudge?" was considered a crude but valid come on? Men are so delicate nowadays.

And to "La... Douches of Poo-Poo... etc.," yes, a walk on the beach or an evening by a fire with a friend is more memorable than any multiplication of all my sleazier moments. But the latter is so much easier.

Roger Raiche  
Berkeley, CA



## New Yorkers Warn AIDS Victims

A group of Gay men with AIDS has taken out a large-sized ad in the *New York Native* entitled "Warning."

Calling themselves GMWA, they addressed their advertising to other Gay men with AIDS.

Identifying themselves as AIDS victims, they believe it crucial "to begin to share with others like ourselves our personal experiences in getting treatment." The ad lists nine separate warnings; each warning is followed by medical references. The warnings deal chiefly with treatments, remedies that are currently in practice — their potentials and their dangers.

### THE WARNINGS

1. If you are diagnosed with Kaposi's sarcoma, chemotherapy may not be the best treatment. Chemotherapy is immunosuppressive, and patients receiving chemotherapy are more susceptible to severe opportunistic infections. These infections claim more lives than Kaposi's sarcoma. Three out of four men with KS die of severe opportunistic infections within two years — and most of these men will have received chemotherapy. Chemotherapy may in fact destroy what is left of the immune system. (If you have a tumor that is immediately life-threatening, the risks of chemotherapy may be the only option. Discuss with your doctor what you can do to lower your risks for developing opportunistic infections.)

2. As an experimental treatment for immunologic dysfunction, interferon may in fact be harmful. It both stimulates and suppresses the immune system and no one knows what the effects will be! Why should Gay men be guinea pigs? Some of those who offer interferon as a treatment are not warning their patients of possible risks. This is unethical.

3. Plasmapheresis may help in the treatment of AIDS. The risks involved are minimal and, unlike chemotherapy, plasmapheresis does not destroy the immune system. It seems strange that certain doctors have withheld plasmapheresis from dangerously ill Gay men while over the past three years many Gay men have been paid to receive plasmapheresis on a regular basis in order to make the Hepatitis B Vaccine — with no apparent ill effects. Unfortunately, speculation about a new, mutant virus has caused unnecessary panic among some lab technicians in local medical centers; this has hindered the availability of plasmapheresis, not only because it is expensive, but because there is fear that Gay men with AIDS will "contaminate" lab workers as well as some medical equipment with this (alleged) new mutant virus. Our limited experience with plasmapheresis has been quite positive. Discuss it with your doctor.

4. If you have low blood platelets and your doctor offers you prednisone or suggests removing your spleen, you would do well to seek another two or three opinions. Published medical case studies indicate that this treatment may kill you.

5. Published medical reports prove that ultraviolet light is definitely immunosuppressive. It would be wise to stay out of the sun and tanning parlors.

6. It is dangerously irresponsible for any sexually active Gay man to be without health insurance. Gay men who were dying have been denied admittance to local hospitals because they had no health insurance. Be aware that some Gay men with histories of sexually transmitted diseases have been recently rejected for health coverage.

7. AIDS is a new syndrome and there are NO authorities. Clearly, much of what is being done is not working. According to CDC, the survival rate for victims of opportunistic infections is less than sixteen months. We urge an unbiased source, such as the *Native*, to hold a public forum on treatment, and we urge you to participate in any such forum. Meanwhile, educate yourself by going outside the Gay press. Get as broad a view and as many different opinions as possible. AIDS involves several different areas of medical specialization. Your physician should definitely encourage you to seek other opinions, not only in his or her area of medical expertise.

8. If you suspect that you are immunosuppressed or if you have been promiscuous for more than the past three years, look and keep looking for a physician who will do a complete testing of your blood for indicators of immunosuppression. Should you find that you are immunosuppressed but asymptomatic (as many promiscuous Gay men are), then it is possible for your immune system to heal itself before the immunosuppression progresses further and becomes self-sustaining. In some cases the immunosuppression is only transitory; nevertheless, the only way the immune system can heal is by ending promiscuous exposure immediately and completely. Some immunosuppressed Gay men who have stopped indiscriminate sex are beginning to show signs that their immune system is healing.

9. To date, there is not even one support group or health crisis center in our New York City Gay community that is providing support to immunosuppressed Gay men who want to break the habit of promiscuous behavior, nor does the community itself encourage such a change. We must care enough about ourselves; obviously, others — particularly those who advise mere moderation of promiscuous behavior — do not care about us. ■

## GGBA Releases New Free Buyer's Guide

The largest *Buyer's Guide and Directory* in the history of the Golden Gate Business Association is now being distributed in the Bay Area.

The guide consists of 88 pages, listing some 500 businesses in almost 200 different

categories. Published every six months, the booklet contains up-to-date, accurate information in an easy-to-use format. To obtain your copy, call the GGBA office at (415) 956-8660, or write to GGBA Buyer's Guide, Box 966, San Francisco 94101. ■

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#### Fringe Benefits Case

## Gay Sues State for Mate's Dental Benefits

Attorney Roberta Achtenberg reported this week that the Lesbian Rights Project initiated its first suit on behalf of a Gay male.

In Sacramento, Achtenberg charged that Boyce Hinman, 44, a state employee, was denied health benefits of a family partner. The denial was called unconstitutional and a violation of Governor Jerry Brown's Executive Order which forbade discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

Achtenberg, staff attorney for the Project, charged, "Homosexual state employees are underpaid because they don't get the same level of compensation for their partners that heterosexuals are entitled to."

Hinman, a ten-year employee of the Employment Development Department, was rebuffed by state officials when he tried to enroll his partner of 12 years, Larry S. Beatty, in a prepaid health care plan providing groups for dental work.

After being turned down by his department supervisors, Hinman appealed to the Department of Personnel Administration, which also denied his claim, according to Hinman's lawsuit, filed Wednesday in Sacramento County Superior Court.

Although Hinman and Beatty consider themselves "family members," Hinman

was told that only spouses or dependents "under existing contracts or statutes" are qualified for coverage under the plan.



State employee plaintiff Boyce Hinman.

Achtenberg stressed that the issue is one of equal compensation. Although Mr. Hinman and Mr. Beatty have been together for over twelve years, they co-own the home in which they live, share the common necessities of life, and each considers the other to be his domestic partner. They are forbidden by California law to marry. Therefore, Mr. Hinman cannot provide the benefits which are an essential aspect of his employment compensation to his family partner, as can a heterosexual state employee in

the same position.

Co-petitioner in the suit is Advocates for Gay and Lesbian State Employees, an officially recognized state employees' association, which opposes the Department of Personnel Administration policy which prevents its members from being eligible for the health benefits which are available to heterosexual state employees.

Since homosexual state employees are compensated less than their heterosexual counterparts because of their sexual orientation, the policy violates the California Constitution's equal protection guarantee and the Governor's Executive Order, B-54-79, which prohibits discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

The suit asks that Mr. Hinman be permitted to provide dental benefits to his family partner, and that the Department of Personnel Administration develop an administrative procedure for determining eligibility for dental benefits for family partners of state employees which does not discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation.

Hinman said he filed the suit now because "the time was right," politically. "I want the benefits for myself and my family partner, but I also want to be of benefit to my community at large."

## FBI Raids, Media Slanders NAMBLA

The FBI, various police forces, and the media have launched an attack on a legal civil rights organization, the North American Man/Boy Love Association. On December 19, according to a NAMBLA press release, police raided three Manhattan apartments, and FBI agents visited nearly a dozen men in New York, inquiring about men and youths and attempting to link NAMBLA to illegal activities.

The latest police scam has been to suggest that a photograph seized in a December 3 raid in Wareham, MA, was of Etan Patz, a New York City boy who disappeared in 1979. The police know that any allegation of a connection between Etan Patz's disappearance and NAMBLA is a lie, and yet they are deliberately feeding this false information to the media. "This is a cruel and cynical hoax," says NAMBLA spokesman Dave Ingalls. "The media has sensationalized this hoax and falsely portrayed NAMBLA as a 'shadowy' group, a 'sex club,' and a 'porno ring.' The authorities have obviously targeted NAMBLA for destruction."

One of the apartments raided on December 19 was that of Bob Rhodes, where the NAMBLA telephone is located.

Files and NAMBLA newsletters were seized. "They even took the file on NAMBLA's Freedom of Information suit against the FBI," stated Rhodes. The courts have refused to release any of the FBI files on the organization on the grounds that the FBI's "investigation" of NAMBLA is still going on. The U.S. Postal Service terminated its own investigation of the group last year on the grounds that it found no evidence of violation of laws governing the use of the mails. The affidavit on the basis of which the December 19 raid was made is sealed and cannot be examined, leaving NAMBLA in the position of being unable to answer its accusers.

NAMBLA is a public and legal organization. It was founded in 1978 in response to the extreme oppression of

boys and men involved in consensual and loving relationships. It is up front about its goals, and its meetings are open to the public. NAMBLA attempts to educate society about the benevolent nature of man/boy love, and supports the liberation of persons of all ages from sexual prejudice, exploitation, and oppression. NAMBLA is not and never has been, insists Ingalls, involved in prostitution, the production or distribution of pornography, or the transportation of minors for illegal purposes.

Ingalls also complained that the December 3 arrest of three members in Wareham, MA, has been turned by the media into a raid of a NAMBLA "chapter" which, in fact, never existed. "Media reports have been based solely on police sources," says Ingalls. "No media attempt has been made to contact NAMBLA." One of the three arrested, David Groat, has twice been set up by guards and beaten, once into unconsciousness, while in "protective custody." Yet these vicious assaults, says NAMBLA, have received no media coverage whatsoever.

## Free Health Screening for Seniors

The present state of the economy and the unwillingness of many insurance carriers to cover the cost of routine physical examinations cause many older persons to avoid visiting their doctors until specific symptoms of illness appear.

Those seniors who visit Mount Zion Hospital and Medical Center's senior health screening program

learn that regular exams are a good idea. Many of the persons seen in the free screening clinic (over 700 since the program began late in 1979) discover that they have treatable illnesses; others receive the reassuring news that they are in good health.

Data available from the first 400 patients seen in the clinic show that 16 percent were diabetic; 49 percent had high

blood pressure; 42 percent required considerable dental treatment; 16 percent suffered from cataracts and 47 percent had significant hearing loss.

The screening is free to the client. Medicare is billed for this one-time service when appropriate. For information or to make an appointment, call 567-6600, ext. 2306.



# Herb Donaldson Lands Muni Bench

(Continued from Page 1)

was in private practice and then became director of the historically significant Central City office of the federally-financed Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation. This "skid row" area office dared to represent Gays, senior citizens, political activists, transsexuals, pacifists, and alcoholics who could not afford legal assistance. Donaldson and his staff found the funds to push numerous class-action suits for the poor.

## QUIET LIFESTYLE

Donaldson never made much money as an attorney but with his lover, Jim Hardcastle, he was able to establish the thriving Capricorn Coffees business. Hardcastle died unexpectedly of cancer in 1978. Since his lover's death, Donaldson has traveled outside of the country (South America, Europe,

Africa) and made London his "second city." It was no secret that he has sought an appointment such as a judgeship that would more firmly solidify his desire to have a community service base away from his coffee business.

One of the reasons Donaldson is not widely known in the Gay community is that his lifestyle tends to be reserved. At 56, he prefers lively dinner conversations with a few friends, playing classics on his piano, or attendance at a church function. There is nothing somber about Donaldson, although he can show his anger — as he recently did when he personally told the Mayor of his displeasure at her veto of spousal rights legislation.

Often in the background as he observes and listens at community meetings, Donaldson prefers to reveal his

great sense of humor in private conversations. He told *Bay Area Reporter*, "You know, one of our failings in the Gay community is that we do not use enough satire about ourselves. We need to ask ourselves regularly if what we are doing today will really be that important six months from now. I love the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence because they are able to poke fun at the hypocrites in life. We need more of that."

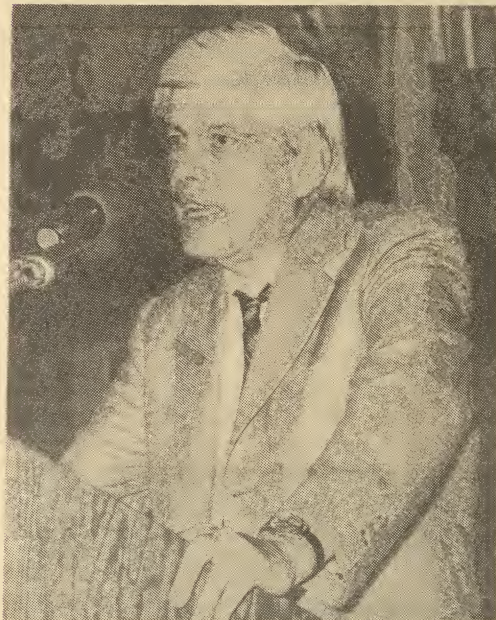
Public Defender Jeff Brown was pleased when Donaldson spent several months recently at the Hall of Justice representing the poor to relieve the backlog of defense cases. He said, "Herb is not only good-natured and kindly but he brings you in experience, maturity and humanity. Amidst crisis, he never lost his temper, showing unbelievable patience."

Several people outside of the Gay community expressed excitement over Donaldson's appointment. Velam Petersilie, a woman who has worked with Donaldson at Bethany Methodist, said, "He is so concerned about people. He is such a joy to work with." Sharon George, a co-director of the SF Mental Health Association, urged, "While Herb may be quiet and this may be a disadvantage to him, he has such credibility."

Donaldson takes the Municipal judgeship formerly held by Maxine Mackler Chesney, who was elevated by Brown to Superior Court. The governor has appointed two upfront Gay judges in Los Angeles and had placed lesbian activist Mary Morgan on the Municipal Bench here.

If there is a negative side to the Donaldson appointment, it is that it may be the last appointment of a known homosexual to the judiciary for some time. Governor Brown made numerous appointments of minority people during his tenure but the same is not expected from Governor George Deukmejian.

George Mendenhall



Judge Herb Donaldson at a recent speaking engagement. (Photo: Rink)

## Classics Illustrated

In a recent feature in Boston's GCN entitled "Franklin W. Dixon Made Me Queer," writer Michael Bronski went into detail about his early fantasies and how he found a wealth of jerkoff material in the school library.

By the time he was 14 he had worked his way up to Edgar Allen Poe and remembers being thrown into "a real maelstrom of sexual frenzy" by the ending of *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*.

Bronski's later homoerotic and sadomasochistic fantasies were fed by such great works as Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales* "ruined only by possibly the worst prose in the history of American fiction," the flogging scenes in *Two Years Before the Mast*, the brutal tortures in *Ivanhoe* and most of the goings-on in Melville's *Moby Dick*. "Here I was on the brink of manhood ruined — delightfully ruined — by books."

Bronski traces his start in homoerotic to the Hardy Boys, that famous series about teenage amateur sleuths. "I was always waiting for more exact details of the blond, 17-year-old Joe and his slightly older, dark-haired brother. I was especially

pleased when they had to undress in the boathouse and swim out to a small boat in *The Mystery at Devil's Paw*," recalls Bronski.

"The situation was even more gratifying because the frontispiece (usually the only picture in the book) showed both brothers in near undress. And believe me, it was really hard to find any pictures of men in their underwear in the 1950's."

Although his tastes later graduated to Nancy Drew detective stories (she seemed a bit smarter than the Hardy boys and drove a red roadster), Bronski was really attracted to the father figures in both series.

The father was always described as lean and graying, handsome, mature, respected, and to a pubescent mind, incredibly sexy. "I was reaching an age where innocence was no longer charming and childlike and was getting a pretty good idea of what it was I did want to do with Fenton Hardy and Carson Drew."

"I remember one scene in *The Phantom Freighter* where Fenton was trapped in a small room and I imagined Fenton and I, alone. I'm not

sure I knew exactly what sex was or what it was we did exactly but I know that I had his clothes off, that 'lean, greying' body of his was next to mine. That image has stayed with me as much as any other childhood memory."

Perhaps that's why today's generation lacks so much imagination — they've forgotten how to read. If it weren't for Franklin W. Dixon (author of *The Hardy Boys* and *Nancy Drew* series), Herman Melville and Edgar Allen Poe, Michael Bronski might never have evolved into a superb sado-masochist who runs after older men!

## '83 Parade

A Board meeting for the Parade Committee is scheduled for January 10. For further information on this meeting please call 861-5404. Finally, there is a Parade Media Committee meeting at Valencia Rose on Wednesday, January 12, from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. This meeting will serve as an organizational meeting and also to set strategy for the next few months.

All three meetings are open to the public and are wheelchair accessible.

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## GUEST COLUMN

### Liberty and Death — Can They Be Separated? or The Grave Side of Gay Life or Lorelei Changes Her Tune

by Steve Warren

Working on a "travel piece" for a national Gay magazine to encourage San Francisco tourism, I'm feeling like the legendary Lorelei whose siren song lured travelers to their deaths. Perhaps telling you the other side of the story will ease my conscience.

My best friend compares the situation to **Death in Venice**, where the bureaucrats denied the existence of the plague while the streets were being sprayed with disinfectant.

Indeed the party is still going on. It's business as usual at the baths and sex clubs. As long as there are two Gay men left alive those two are going to have sex (unless, of course, one is too old or too fat or projects the wrong image — or worse yet, they have already had each other!).

For several months I too ignored the articles and the talk about AIDS, KS, etc., turning quickly past the newspaper pages that tried to break through my mental block; but we all have our limits. I reached mine after hearing of too many victims who were friends, friends of friends or men whose work I was familiar with. My threshold of paranoia is higher than many, but lower than those of people who still haven't become concerned about what's happening.

What's happening is that the Gay movement has reached another plateau: we have our own fatal illness. As

the Blacks got sickle cell anemia along with freedom and women got toxic shock syndrome in tandem with equality, we also have an exclusive disease that can take away even more than society giveth.

Once we recognize the questions raised by this new threat, we have to come up with answers for ourselves. Science doesn't yet know what causes AIDS, but it certainly seems to be transmitted through both blood and sexual contact. Whether one unlucky trick can do the trick or some cumulative effect is involved remains to be seen, but either way lowering our

*The Gay community has reached another plateau: we have our very own fatal illness.*

number of contacts will raise our odds for survival.

My own temporary answer has been to become semi-celibate. I once thought of monogamy and masturbation as fates worse than death, but that was when there appeared to be viable options in between the extremes of M & M and death. Until I can find someone to be monogamous with, I'm going to be more selective than in the past; all those beauties I used to think of as "to die for" are more resistible now that that phrase has become a literal possibility. The public sex palaces were fun when penicillin and A-200 could take care of any unwelcome souvenirs: now indulging in direct or indirect sexual contact with a hundred men

in a single night hardly seems worth the risk.

Naturally a "politically correct" approach to the situation has evolved, and just as naturally I seem to have gravitated to the other side. The PC's see articles such as this one as a threat to our liberation. If they're right, if all we have been fighting for is the right to have sex whenever, wherever and with whomever we choose, why did they get so upset when CBS television announced that fact to the nation?

The "Gay community" is still in a relatively early stage of transition, and no one can guess at this point what lies at the end of the road. Just as some pre-liberation Gays are barricaded in their closets suffering from terminal culture shock, those of us who are out today won't recognize what the next generation of Gays has become in 20 years. Some of us will adapt, and it's just possible that promiscuity

will be what kills off the dinosaurs among us who don't.

Then again, perhaps the cause of AIDS will be discovered and a simple cure found that leaves it no more menacing than old fashioned gonorrhea. Nothing could make me happier than to find that news on the front page of this very issue, so I can laugh along with you as I read this column.

If not, weigh the unknown facts and consider varying opinions, but don't let me or anyone else make a decision for you. True liberation is the freedom to make your own choices about matters that affect your life.

Meanwhile, have a happy new year. I hope it's not your last.

## HEALTH SHORTS

### Cancer

by Charles E. Hall, Ph.D.

Recently there seems to be a lot of discussion of "Gay" diseases: Kaposi's sarcoma, AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome), herpes and others. Some persons seem to have taken the incidence of these diseases among Gay men as another excuse for their homophobia.

I would like to take these people to task for their narrow-minded perception of reality.

First, to have "Gay" diseases there would need to be some basic biological difference between "Gay" and "straight" men. Apparently there is no such difference, since no medical difference has been found during the last 2,000 years. No difference has been found despite considerable effort and research by some very scientifically minded homophobes. Even the American Psychological Association and the American Psychiatric Association have given up calling queers "sick" just because they are queer.

Second, there is currently an epidemic of cancerous disease in the United States. This became apparent in 1976 when the U.S. government announced that there was a 5% increase in cancer

in 1975 when the annual increase had been 1% for twenty years. This five-fold increase was a red flag to biostatisticians like myself. I became alarmed and got out epidemiology statistics and Poisson distribution and predicted that by 1980 about one-third of the U.S. population would have cancer. By 1978 the government prediction was that 24% (one-fourth) of us would die of cancer. Apparently I was correct. Early this year I heard that the government had announced that three out of five (60%) of the population alive now could expect to die of cancer.

That is an epidemic.

Kaposi's sarcoma is only one small part of that epidemic. That epidemic is much more widespread than just a few hundred Gay men in San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles. And it affects more than the skin. It is affecting all the organs of the human body among male, female, straight, Gay, children, adults, and all the strata of society. Furthermore, no one seems to have the first clue as to what causes it. As a statistician of 25 years, I cannot imagine any research technique which would enable the scientific community to decide what the cause or causes

of the epidemic are. Even if the Defense Department budget were to be spent on research, I doubt that the cause could be located.

It is obvious to many of us diet-conscious people that the cause lies within the multitude of poisonous chemicals used by the American food industry: EDTA, BHA, BHT, sodium propionate, sodium polysorbate, polysorbate 80, DDT, malathion, etcetera. A trip to the grocery store to read the list of ingredients in our foodstuffs will amaze and appal anyone. A look at the advertisements in an agribusiness magazine will show you what chemicals you will eat in your next salad. For some things, it is necessary to have a college degree in biochemistry just to pronounce the names. These things are poisons put there to kill what eats the food and preserve it for human consumption. Then we are expected to eat it.

I don't.

Rachel Carson was the prophet of this epidemic and warned us in her book *Silent Spring*.

Thirdly, where in all this disease etiology of "Gay" and "straight" men do we put bisexual men? According to the Kinsey Report they were 24% of all men in 1947. There are more of them now and most of them are nice married men and fathers of families. Where in the epidemic do we fit all these fath-

(Continued on next page)



## MEDIA QUEEN



### Supermarket Journalism

KONSTANTIN BERLANDT

**A** Gay President by the Year 2000? A Queen's guard who poses as a Queen? A Gay man in nun's habit running for office in San Francisco? Only in the tabloids, *The National Enquirer* and the imitative *National Examiner*.

The *Enquirer* in their year-end issue (12/28) writes up Sister Boom Boom's candidacy for supervisor here under the simple headline "UGH!" On the next page the mother of sextuplets declares in a red headline, "I feel wrapped in a blanket of love."

But on the previous page, above the classifieds, Paul F. Levy writes: "In a sickening blow to morality and decency, 23,000 San Francisco voters cast their ballots for a Gay man — who parades around dressed as a nun! Shockingly . . . the candidate, 'Sister Boom Boom,' came in ninth — just four places short of winning."

Levy describes Boom Boom as "a member of the super-sicko 'Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence,' a weird group of male Gays who walk the streets of San Francisco in nuns' habits."

Levy also quotes Father Miles Riley, director of information for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco, fuming, "It's a sacrilege. It makes you want to get sick!" Riley was in the press earlier in December explaining local Archbishop John Quinn's public opposition to

proposed domestic partners legislation that could have legally validated Gay and Lesbian marriages.

"Even those understanding of Gays are repulsed by the 'sisters,'" Levy writes, citing a letter to the *Bay Area Reporter* that calls them "an eyesore on life."

The *Enquirer* writer (quite possibly using a pseudonym) also remembers one Sister's public burning of an American flag at a Gay male "beauty" contest several months ago, and the Sisters' appearance at a "memorial service for four real nuns who were murdered in El Salvador." Levy labels the Sisters' appearance at the El Salvadorian protest "a ghastly case of shocking insensitivity."

The article concludes with a quote from "a leading Catholic layman, who asked not to be named for fear of reprisals," who repeats, "This city is a moral cesspool . . . and getting worse. The Devil is hanging around here!"

But replies Sister Boom Boom midway through the *Enquirer* diatribe, "I don't worry about it too much. There are people who get upset. That's par for the

course."

Meanwhile, the *National Examiner's* John Turner in a Dec. 14 article quotes another anonymous "long-time political expert" predicting Gays will elect one of their own by the turn of the century.

First citing former Vice President Walter Mondale's appearance at a September Human Rights Campaign Fund dinner in New York and a quote about Gay clout from *Advocate* writer Larry Bush, the unnamed "expert" warns, "Don't think that the election of a homosexual president is all that remote. The way these people are swarming out of the closet, and growing in numbers, if they want to go after it in ten or fifteen years they could very well put one of their own in the White House without too much trouble."

This expert continues: "Their candidate might be a closet Gay who's kept his perversion secret, but his fellow Gays would know he was one of them."

Asks the *Examiner*, "A limp wrist on the atomic button instead of a firm hand?"

In the January 4 issue of "America's fastest growing weekly," *Examiner* writer Lewis Clifton exposes "The man who would be Queen" — the after hours shenanigans of former royal bodyguard Commander Michael Trestrail, 52.

According to Michael Rauch, 37, who "shared a twisted 17-year homosexual relationship" with Trestrail, the former guard "would ask me to wait in the lounge of his home. Then he would return a few minutes later wearing a cheap tiara on his head. He had on stockings and black high-heeled shoes. He just walked around the room in a sort of regal way. As he paraded 'round, he insisted I called him 'Ma'am' when I spoke to him. I suppose he thought it was an imitation of the way the Queen walked."

In the 1983 Predictions issue of the *Enquirer*, now on the stands, "the most outrageous wedding of the year" is featured on page 3 — Tula, born Barry Cooney, and Eva Robbins, born Roberto Coatti, both high fashion model transsexuals, one who's kept her male genitalia. One of the wedding Farah Fawcett-type blondes appeared in the James Bond thriller *For Your Eyes Only*.

Fun reading for those who are bored with the straightness of their own lives. ■

While checking out your groceries, you, too, can be shocked by Gay goings on — in the supermarket sensational.



"The Devil is hanging around here." Castro on New Year's Eve. (Photo: Rink)

## Cancer

(Continued from previous page)

ers, brothers, and sons who make love with women and men both? Are these apparently "straight" men carrying these dreaded "Gay" diseases home to their families? Apparently not. Or at least it's not noticeable in the statistics about "straight" men.

My own guess for the appearance of these diseases among Gay men is that many single Gay men live life in the

fast lane. Compared with the "middle class" we tear down the highway at breakneck speed. We are prime consumers of psychedelic chemicals: speed, acid, coke, and poppers, to name a few. And we'd rather bolt down "southern" fried chicken, french fries and a chemical beer on the way to the tubs than go home to cook a nutritious meal. These fast food places do not even put lists of ingredients out, yet I'm sure there are more chemicals in "southern" fried chicken, french fries and chemical beer than are in nail

polish.

The modern "shake" no longer contains milk and so by law cannot be called a "milkshake" any more. Proper terminology would be "cellulose shake." Swallow that one!

All in all, it is my opinion that the terminology "Gay diseases" was invented by the successors of Anita Bryant. Those people need the same treatment Gay people gave Anita: a pie in the face! ■

Charles E. Hall, Ph.D.

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# The Changing Guards

WAYNE FRIDAY

This first week of the new year brings a number of significant changes in the political scene for California. In Sacramento, one of the state's best, if sometimes annoying, governors, Jerry Brown, is replaced by a Republican, George Deukmejian. In Washington, a totally ill-equipped United States Senator, one Sam Hayakawa, is replaced, for better or for worse, by a handsome San Diego politician, Republican Pete Wilson.

From my vantage point, I think Californians in general, and the Gay and Lesbian community in particular, will, after a few months of George Deukmejian, long for the good old days of Jerry Brown. I hope I am wrong, but I fear I will not be. Still, those who know Deukmejian, including a couple of his Gay supporters, tell me that we have nothing to fear from the conservative Republican. That is not to say we should expect the appointment of any more Gay and Lesbian judges for the next four years, but I suppose we could have done worse, and besides, I was never impressed with Tom Bradley's track record anyway. Even Pete Wilson should make the departure of Hayakawa look like a blessing. Hayakawa is headed for political retirement — right where some of the other senatorial has-beens like George Murphy and John Tunney are.

1982 saw the retirement (temporarily, hopefully) of Jerry Brown and Sam Hayakawa; it saw popular Supervisor Jack Molinari become a Democrat (with a bright political future, predictably); it saw a local election in which Gay and Lesbian candidates fared poorly; it saw the only Democrat with a chance of beating Ronald Reagan next year — Ted Kennedy — bow to family pressure and remove himself as a presidential candidate; it saw Democrats in California gain no less than six seats in the House of Representatives, two in the State Senate (while the Republicans gained a lone seat in the Assembly); it saw one of San Francisco's best-known politicians, Milton Marks, take on one of the country's toughest politicians, Phil Burton, and get badly beaten; it saw the passing of one of California's most talented political strategists, Don Bradley; 1982 brought a public-drinking scandal involving District Attorney Arlo Smith and his top aide to the front pages, a scandal that the D.A. would rather forget.

Other moments I remember in 1982 included Quentin Kopp, a bright politician if ever there was one, losing his temper with yours truly at a Republican dinner and yelling at me, calling me "the Herb Caen of the Castro." Paul Boneberg taking over the reins of the Stonewall Gay Demo Club from one of the wisest politicians I know, Gerry Parker; Supervisor Harry Britt moving his residence from the Castro to the Polk Street area (still can't figure that one out); political gadfly Ray Broshers, a shit-stirrer who did

more evil than good, passing on and going to his reserved spot up there (or maybe the other direction)

1982 saw the retirement of liberal Democratic Congressman John Burton, being replaced with Barbara Boxer as the only woman in the Democratic delegation from California; the defeat of long-time State Superintendent of Public Instruction Wilson Riles, bringing a totally new dimension to the state's education post; the election of John Van de Kamp, a liberal, to the office of Attorney General, a supporter of Gay and Lesbian rights. Certainly one of the biggest stories in San Francisco politics in 1982 was the election of Wendy Nelder as president of the Board of Supervisors, replacing Jack Molinari — very significant to Gay rights; the other story we cannot overlook is the mayoral veto of Harry Britt's spousal benefits legislation and the political ramifications that the veto caused Mayor Feinstein as she approaches her 1983 re-election campaign.



New Attorney General John Van de Kamp, who went to Sacramento with Gay backing.

As for 1983 — it, hopefully, will be better; in fact, a Gallup poll completed last week says that despite nearly 12 million being unemployed (thanks in large part to Reaganomics), Americans are more optimistic in their outlook for 1983 than at the outset of any of the past five years. The poll showed that 50% of those polled predict that 1983 will be better than 1982, while economists ranging from conservative to liberal are predicting that this will be a year of recovery.

★ ★ ★

## RUNNING RUMORS

Rumors of who is running for what in San Francisco keep coming in, and the latest from the What-is-Quentin-Running-For department is that he is being urged by some of his advisors to take on Arlo Smith, while others are prodding him into another run at Dianne Feinstein; Kopp is reportedly listening to those urging him to run for mayor and one of those supposedly in the know has told me that Quentin is planning a meeting with Los Angeles

political strategist Michael Berman regarding the mayoral race.

The Alice Toklas Club will elect a new president next Monday night at 2174 Market Street . . . Some are saying that they are already missing Dick Sklar around City Hall — not the nicest guy around, but probably one of the brightest . . . Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers the latest of the Southern gentlemen to join the pack of 1984 Democratic presidential hopefuls . . . Look for the political honeymoon between Governor Deukmejian and his successor, Democrat John Van de Kamp, the new Attorney General, to be a short one; meanwhile, it took Leo McCarthy, the new Lt. Governor, only a couple of minutes after the Duke's inaugural speech on Monday to start poking fun at the new Governor while being interviewed on KRON-TV immediately after the inaugural. Both McCarthy and Van de Kamp are expected to be candidates for governor in four years.

Gay leaders in Washington, D.C., still talking about the poor turnout for Harry Britt's highly-touted appearance last month at the Washington Gay Community Center. Despite plenty of advance publicity, and the fact that the event was sponsored by the Democratic Socialists of America and co-sponsored by several Washington area Gay groups, the \$5 per person Britt appearance drew, according to the *Washington Blade* Gay newspaper, "less than 30" people. One of the sponsors told the *Bay Area Reporter* that he and others were bemused by some of Britt's statements: i.e. "Women don't make very good men; Gays don't make very good straights, and Blacks don't make very good whites." Britt said that he is bothered by the definition that Gays are "just like everybody else except for our sexuality" and said that white Gay men who accept that definition are "reinforcing sexism and racism."

In discussing Mayor Feinstein's veto of his "domestic partnership" bill which came while Britt was in Washington, the Supervisor called the veto a "moral mistake" and told his Washington audience that Feinstein "believes Gays can be perfectly good straight people if we just try hard enough."

Among the better last-minute judicial appointments out-going Governor Brown made (he made a record 52 judicial appointments his final day) was long-time Gay activist-attorney Herb Donaldson to the Municipal Court in San Francisco. They don't come any better than Herb



Stonewall Gay Demo Club panel discussing the future of Gay politics in the city. (L. to R.) Bruce Pettit, Jim Rivaldo, Jim Wackob (District 8 Demos president), and Chris Bowman. (Photo: Rink)

Donaldson, and Brown is to be congratulated. One of the appointments I would have rather not seen, however, is Richard Gravelle, a former member of the state PUC, but then I have no use for those PUC members who jump every time that PG&E barks anyway, and Gravelle was among the worst of them . . . As for Jerry Brown's appointment of his cousin Hal Brown to Barbara Boxer's Marin County supervisorial seat, and the uproar it caused by Marin liberal Democrats, particularly Anne Charles, who, of course, wanted the job for herself and is now crying foul



Herb Donaldson with a judgeship well deserved. (Photo: Rink)

— cheap shots. Ms. Charles couldn't win an election on her own and somehow thought she and others should tell the Governor who he could appoint — tough shit! . . . Brown, incidentally, spent his last night as Governor attending a party in Sac-

ramento with, would you believe, Linda Ronstadt, given by his staff

Playwright-actor-comedian Charles Busch appears tonight (Jan. 6: 8:55) at Valencia Rose, 8p.m., in a benefit for the Stonewall Gay Demo Club — don't miss this one . . . Anti-Gay former Republican State Senator John Schmitz has been charged with violating the Political Reform Act by failing to report that he received a \$9,000 "gift" from his campaign committee (and it couldn't happen to a nicer guy) . . . The East Bay Lesbian/Gay Demo Club will march in next Saturday's (January 15) Martin Luther King March and Rally in Oakland (849-3983 for info) . . . And this one I know you have been waiting for: President and Nancy Reagan will celebrate their 31st wedding anniversary March 4 on board Queen Elizabeth's yacht, The Britannia, in San Francisco's very own Bay . . . Just like us common folk, John Baker, the 22-year old son of White House Chief of Staff James Baker, was arrested and charged with selling marijuana last week in Pearsall, Texas . . . And actress Elizabeth Taylor is in the Mideast trying to "promote peace between Israel and Lebanon — what the hell is she going to do? form a human chain around Lebanon with her former husbands to keep Begin's troops out?"

Don't invite Mayor Feinstein and Supervisor Britt to the same Valentine's Day party; they are reportedly at the shouting stage . . . Supporters of Mike Bernick are holding a "musical extravaganza" entitled "Stand By Your Man" with such stars as David Reign, Lia Belli, Char & Company, Quentin Kopp, Carol Ruth Silver, and others this Sunday at the California Club on Clay Street to help defray expenses of Mike's ill-fated Community College Board campaign (621-4986 for info - the price of \$35 is a bit steep, but it should be fun) . . . In Los Angeles they say that Tom Bradley is still bitter over his razor-thin loss to George Deukmejian . . . In San Diego, Deputy Mayor Bill Cleator, a Republican, becomes Acting Mayor until a special election is held in March to elect a successor to Pete Wilson . . . And a recent issue of the shit-sheet *National Examiner*, available at your nearest supermarket checkout counter, carries a story about Gay political clout and predicts that "by the year 2000, America will have its first homosexual President;"



Gay left activists have been increasingly annoyed by Moonies selling flowers along Castro Street. They advise, "Don't feed the hand that would hurt you." (Photo: Rink)





## ON THE JOB: GAYPEOPLE AT WORK

### Profile: Communicator

ARTHUR LAZERE, C.R.A.

David Rothenberg is an intelligent, articulate, feisty mover and shaker in New York City Gay politics. As is the case with many successful people, he is a multi-talented person who takes on a variety of different activities all at once, activities that tend to reinforce one another. Underlying what he does seems to be the unifying skill of verbal communication — that special ability to find the elusive words which describe a situation or a feeling or an idea in such a way as to generate in his audience a sense of shared understanding. A winner of the Robert Livingston Memorial Award for community service, Rothenberg's history is another interesting story of an individual's development into a leadership position in the Gay movement.

Now 49, Rothenberg grew up in New Jersey. He told me:

"I knew I was Gay since I was three years old: I knew that I had to lie about it since I was three and a half . . . I spent the next thirty-seven years of my life lying to everybody who was important to me. I was a classic closet case. I went steady in high school and I always got by. When I told people when I was forty that I was Gay, they were all surprised because I played sports. I was a good athlete when I was a kid . . . The person who had the greatest impact on me was Jackie Robinson, because I identified with his being an outsider. He was different from everybody else. That was the beginning of my involvement with the civil rights movement — wanting Jackie Robinson to make it. I understood baseball as a teenager and I translated that when I went to college to the political arena."

Rothenberg went to the University of Denver where he studied social sciences, edited the college newspaper, and became active in student government. He served in the Army for the obligatory two years and then went to New York where he worked as a Broadway press agent, working on about one hundred shows over a twelve-year period. During this time, too, he became active in the Black civil rights movement and the anti-Vietnam War movement.

In 1967 Rothenberg produced a play off-Broadway, a prison drama written by an ex-offender titled *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. In preparing the play, Rothenberg went into jails and prisons to observe and became concerned with the rights and needs of ex-offenders. He began a series of on-stage discussions following performances of the play. The discussions evolved into a forum for ex-convicts subsequently named The Fortune Society, from the play's title.

Initially, Fortune Society meetings were held at Rothenberg's Broadway theatre office. As the organization grew from a speaking society to a service and advocacy program, it found its own office space and developed into its current size — \$800,000 per year budget, staff of thirty, counseling, job placement,

vocational and educational programs. Nearly three thousand ex-offenders participate in the program each year.

Rothenberg's responsibilities as Director of the society grew along with the organization to the point where he gave up his theatre work to devote full time to his new venture.

Meanwhile, the Stonewall riots (1969) signaled the beginning of Gay rights as a mass movement. Rothenberg: "When the Gay rights movement began, I did not identify with it. I did not go near it. I was terrified of it. I think it is significant that I was very involved in civil rights, anti-war demonstrations, prisoner rights, Native Americans. Be there a cause. I was there. When the one thing that touched me at the core of my being came along, I kept away."

In 1973 the National Gay Task Force invited Rothen-

berg to be on their first Board of Directors. This finally precipitated a decision to "come out." Always a child of the media, David Rothenberg came out on the David Susskind Show, a nationally syndicated television program. For six years, since the inception of The Fortune Society, he had been closeted to his staff and members of the Society. Simultaneous with his appearance on the Susskind show, he submitted his resignation to the Society.

The two ex-offenders who were key to the organization

to identify and care about other alienated people."

Rothenberg writes a great deal. He has a regular column in the *New York Native* called "Media Watch" which is just that — a running commentary on homophobia in the press and on the air. The *New York Times* is, justifiably, a regular target of his scorn, but no paper or newsroom seems to escape his critical eye. He writes as well for New York's other Gay paper, *New York City News*, a column called "Another Voice." Here one gets the impression that Roth-

vacancy on the New York City Human Rights Commission. It seems somewhat ironic to have an upfront Gay man on the Human Rights Commission in a city that has no Gay rights law. And not much action has come directly through the commission. But Rothenberg is savvy enough to use his visibility to good purpose. He has been able to raise sensitivities at the commission to Gay issues and problems. In the recent police raids on Blue's, a Times Square area Black Gay bar, Rothenberg used his commission seat to instigate an investigation of this already infamous incident.

One comes away from interviewing Rothenberg with admiration for his sincerity, his caring about people, particularly the most downtrodden in our society. But, even more, I was impressed with his skill with words, with unpremeditated turns of phrase that capture subtleties of feeling and thought. It comes out in conversation and it is evident in his writing. Our most charismatic leaders are often those who can articulate for us those elusive feelings and thoughts which we cannot express for ourselves. I suspect that Rothenberg the communicator has just begun to be heard.

*One of a continuing series of profiles of leaders from the Lesbian and Gay business and professional community.*

refused his resignation and made it clear to David that they were insulted. "Why," they asked, "would he not allow them the same opportunity to stand up for his rights as he had stood for theirs?" Rothenberg: "So self-hating was I of my homosexuality, so negative had been my experience, that it never occurred to me that people who loved me would still love me and learn about what Gay is and become pro-Gay because of their love for me. . . . My Gayness was my gift to this job. It gave me an ability

enber knows everyone in New York who is active in Gay rights, attends every major event of interest to the community, and is extraordinarily well informed on the ins and outs of New York politics. His analytic skill is no less impressive than his encyclopedic knowledge and observation of the events of the day. To be sure he has enough to do to keep himself busy. Rothenberg also does interview shows for WBAI, a listener supported radio station

In 1979 Mayor Ed Koch appointed Rothenberg to a

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### End of Year Items

RANDY SCHELL & DIANA ZABARTE-CHRISTENSEN

**F**or some the holidays have meant an even bigger party, presents, and a ton of food. For others it's been summarizing the last year's events and making resolutions for the new year. Volunteers and staff at CUAV have done their share of celebrating all while continuing to make this agency run. There's the whistle campaign to complete, the new brochure to pick up from the printer, the year-end thank you letters to send to generous contributors and the never ending casework arising from reported assaults to CUAV's "Uni-Safe" hotline.

CUAV will continue in 1983 to provide services to victims of violence. The agency's staff and volunteers will continue to work on better organized strategies to prevent violence. It's a major accomplishment for the Gay community that CUAV survived the growing pains of its first year funded and that it continues to maintain services by and for the Gay/Lesbian community.

Fagbashers, rapists, and thieves take no holiday from their deeds and afford no peace to their victims. Remember, if you witness or are the victim of an assault, we want to hear about it. Report it to CUAV at "Uni-Safe" (864-7233). If you're interested in volunteering on any of our projects (whistle campaigns, public speaking, street watch patrols, office work, etc.) call us or come by our new office at 514 Castro St.

**8th near Mission.** A 29-year old woman was walking up 8th Street toward Market from a women's bar, Clementina's. Suddenly she was approached by a male who demanded her money. He then threw her against a brick wall, scraping her face. The victim turned quickly and kicked the suspect in the shin and managed to get away. She managed to find a cab a few blocks away and then reported the incident to the police.

**Noe/18th & 19th.** A 35-year old male was walking on Noe toward his car. As he reached his car, he was hit from behind and knocked to the ground. He looked up to see that there were three persons in the group. One of the attackers took his wallet. The victim was then struck with a metal bar and then blacked out. He was taken to General Hospital and treated.

Masonic/Divisadero. The

*Carry a whistle; when in distress, use it.*

### QUICK HITS

**Divisadero/Hayes.** The victim was on the 24 Divisadero bus. Three assailants began ridiculing him: "Is your friend your boyfriend?" etc. The victim got off at Hayes Street. Two of the assailants got off and stepped in front of him and one of the assailants began striking him in the face. The third assailant grabbed his wallet and then all of them fled. The victim of this altercation ran to a small store at Divisadero and Fell Streets and called the police. As he hung up the telephone he saw the person who had grabbed his wallet. The police responded immediately and the victim pointed out the assailant and he was apprehended. The other two assailants were not caught.

survivor of this incident was near Kaiser Hospital walking at about 1:30 a.m. A group of at least 70 juveniles were walking toward him. As they reached each other, several members of this large group grabbed him and dragged him into the bushes. They knocked him down and began hitting and kicking him in the side, head and legs. During this altercation he was called a "faggot." His wallet was taken and he was left there. He managed to get himself home and treated a cut above his eye and bruises elsewhere on his body.

**Van Ness/Market.** This 28-year old male was catching the K Ingleside at the Muni Station at Market and Castro Streets. Inside of the car, 8-10 youths were

yelling, "Kill faggots." When the train reached the Muni Station at Van Ness, he got up to disembark the train and was suddenly attacked by two of the youths. He was hit in the face and dragged in the car. The assailants left the car. The victim decided not to get off at Van Ness and instead continued to the Powell station. He filed a report with Muni officials who, in return, called the police and filed a police incident report. He was then transported to Central Emergency and treated for his wounds.

**Haight/Pierce.** This victim was walking on Haight Street at Pierce. He noticed ten persons in their early teens attack a male in his early 20's. This observer witnessed the group knocking the victim to the street and hitting him repeatedly with belts, feet, hands, etc. Enraged, the observer ran into the crowd and created a commotion. The crowd began to quickly disperse. The first victim was then in the position to get up and flee. However, some of the group that still remained on the spot of the assault attacked the observer. The observer quickly got himself out of this situation and began to run after the original victim to see if he could assist him. Members of the crowd began yelling, "Run — you punk fags."

**Church/25th.** Both of these survivors were walking on Church Street and observed a male and female standing on the street. The male was wielding a knife. As he noticed the two men, the knife-wielder screamed, "Hey, fags — queers..." Both of the men ignored the insults which appeared to enrage the assailant. He put his knife in its sheath and jumped into the middle of both men and began assaulting them wildly. The first victim was bitten on the neck and leg, and the second was treated for bruises on his feet. They managed to get away. They are still being treated for wounds and will be filing with Victim Witness Assistance in order that bills resulting from this attack will be reimbursed by the State of California.

### FINAL NOTE

Remember, if you are a victim of an assault, you may qualify for Victim/Witness compensation. If you are treated for injuries, if you have missed work because of an assault and insurance will not cover the costs, the State will reimburse you for those bills. Call CUAV for further details or Victim Witness Assistance at 552-6550. ■



Mr. Bill of CUAV, head of the street patrol, in CUAV's new Castro Street headquarters. (Photo: Rink)



# GREATER BAY NEWS

SAN JOSE SANTA CLARA CUPERTINO SAN ANTONIO SAN FRANCISCO PALO ALTO MONTEREY FARMACIST HILL WILSON BERKELEY WALNUT CREEK CAMBRIDGE

## OAKLAND

### Living and Laughing

•ftimes in the course of selecting persons to be interviewed, it is those in the limelight who come to mind first. However, in the interest of fair play, as it were, attention must be given to those who prefer not to be in the forefront, but remain an integral part of the background, if you will, to carry on their day-to-day activities while holding steadfast and true to their chosen life style of being gay.

One such individual is Dean Felciano, an erudite, educated, insightful, savant, and enlightened soul who resides in Pinole... yes, Pinole! I was respectful of his veracity when he chose not to answer or speak about certain subjects. His decision was made not on the grounds of being afraid of stepping on toes, but rather on the understanding that since he chose not to be involved in certain aspects of "gay life" he felt he had no viable comments to add to an already "confusing situation."

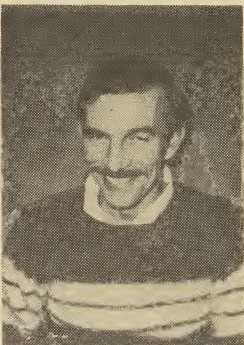
"I'm happy to admit that I am 42 years old," he said to me. "It certainly beats the alternative, don't you agree? I've lived in the Bay Area for 39 of those years. I find this area to be extremely stimulating and challenging for anyone who appreciates the diverse activities available to everyone."

"I realized that I was Gay as a young teenager, but I felt no reason then or now to wear it on my sleeve. I feel that I am respected for who I am and what I have done rather than what I am. I think that the Gay Parade is a very healthy activity and I would genuinely like to participate in it but I have always had to work on the day of the Parade. I certainly can't say that I try to hide my gayness... after all, I do belong to the Temescal

Gay Men's Chorus and sing in public.

**Nez:** Well then, if, as you say, you don't wear a tag on your sleeve that you are Gay, why do you want to march... and why do you sing in public?

**Dean:** Why not? Hee hee, chortle, laugh, hee hee!



Dean Felciano

**Nez:** Dear God... your laugh would deafen a hard rock performer! I assume that there isn't much Gay activity in Pinole. Is the town aware of your life style?

**Dean:** Chortle, hee hee... I'm sure that my neighbors know. After all, where I live, the bedroom walls are very thin! But the subject has never been broached.

**Nez:** Do you think there is a Gay Community?

**Dean:** I think there is a tremendous Gay Community. It is very diversified, touching all aspects of living conditions. I don't see it as a cohesive entity, but tastes are similar enough that there is a line of communication. The mere fact that a person is Gay or Lesbian puts that person within the context of the Gay

Community. But I don't see any one person or group as being representative of every single one of us who just happens to be homosexual. That can never happen... just as no one person or group can truly and honestly represent every single heterosexual. Gays are just too polymorphic to be classified as one entity, don't you agree?

**Nez:** Hey! I'm supposed to ask the questions! you'll get your chance later! Dean, I've never seen you down. You are always happy and eager to enjoy. What is it that you enjoy most in your life?

**Dean:** Hee hee, snicker, giggle... I really enjoy living! I love to learn new things and love to be with people. People are a constant reservoir of enjoyment, and it's difficult for me not to get along with people. But when I am personally attacked, I most certainly attack back if its urgent. But that doesn't happen very often. I find it rare that people actually sit down and plan to do you damage. As you know, I enjoy a quick with and mind. I love the challenge of one's mind, and the learning that comes from that challenge.

**Nez:** What are your views of the overall Gay Scene in Oakland?

**Dean:** I don't think there is a cohesive scene in Oakland. At times there is too much going on and at other times there isn't enough going on. I would like to see the "Gay Scene" meshed in with the straight society... with non-disputed outlooks for all. I know that is a very Utopian outlook — but after all, there is only one world. But then again, that meshing is a problem with every minority, I feel.

**Nez:** Any advice to someone just coming out of the closet?

**Dean:** All I can say is for them to enjoy themselves... hee hee, titter, chuckle, cackle... It seems we spend too much time worrying about what we are. So much time is spent in that worry that we don't know who we are, where we are, and what we are doing!

**Nez:** Where would you like the Gay Movement to go?

**Dean:** From fourth-class citizens to first-class citizens, through exploration of political and cultural and social situations.

**Nez:** What do you mean by fourth-class?

**Dean:** It seems that we are always represented as a negative entity by the media. Only recently has it become more positive because of "influential" people coming out, and I think that whatever social structure one is in, everyone has to recognize that we are all an integral and viable part

of all social structures.

**Nez:** Who is Dean?

**Dean:** Ohhhhhhhagggggg giggle, snigger, crow, cough, cackle, burst, hee hee, split, roar ohhhhhaggggggggggg!!

**(Nez' Note:** at that point of Dean's outburst, both the ma-

tronly waitresses, the cook, the owner, and a lone customer at the counter decided it was time to change their collective underwear!)

I am in love with Dean! I like myself. Dean is sincere, generous, and an enjoyable

(Continued on next page)



The winning photographs of the Second Annual Moby Dick Photo Contest are now on display in the bar until February 9. Included is work by well-known photographers J.B. Higgins, Robert Chodak, David Perez, Ken Towle, Mark Chester, Efrén Ramirez, and John Wilkinson. Nathan Thies, W.T. Renner, H. Grant, and Richard Zaragoza are some new names. Above is Ken Towle's 2nd Place winner in the black and white division.

### Founder Visits Hayward MCC

The Rev. Troy D. Perry, founder of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, will visit Hayward MCC the weekend of January 14, 15 and 16.

Perry started to preach at the age of thirteen and was licensed as a Baptist minister at fifteen. It was in California, in 1962, that Reverend Perry came to terms with being Gay. "I had been taught by my previous Church that you couldn't be a Christian and a Gay person, too," said Perry. "I kept this up until one day God got a word in edgewise and said, 'Don't tell ME what I can do. I love you, Troy, and I don't have any stepsons or stepdaughters. Reread My Word!' And reread God's Word I did!"

Wanting to spread the word

that God cared, even for Gays, Perry started the Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles. That became a new denomination, The Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches. "I've seen the Universal Fellowship grow from one small struggling group of twelve others and myself to over 200 Study Groups, Missions, and Churches in twelve other countries, with an international membership of over 35,000. I have watched as Gay persons by the thousands have come to a saving realization of Christ's love for everyone."

Details concerning times, places, and activities surrounding Rev. Perry's visit will appear in the January 13 B.A.R.

### Need a Gay Doctor in East Bay?

Call Keith Barton, M.D. for your health care needs

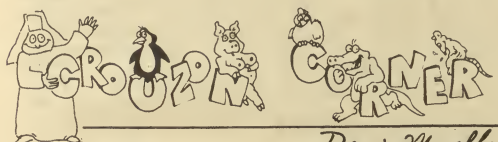
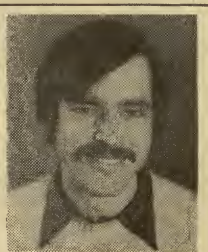
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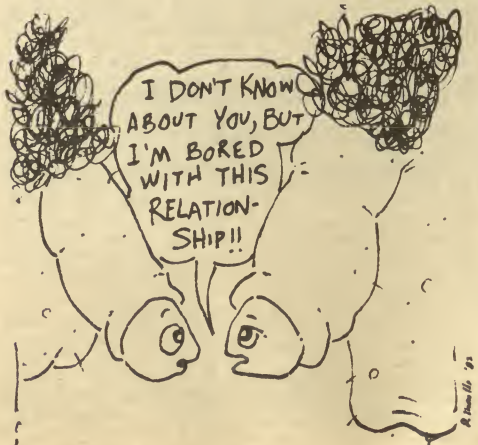
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### Diablo Rap

"Terms, Names, Labels and Codes" will be the topic of the Diablo Valley Gay Rap Support Group meeting on January 14. The group meets each Friday night from 8 to 9:30 at 1818 Colfax in downtown Concord. Info: 827-2960.



## SAN JOSE: FROM THE ROSEGARDEN

### Politics and Herpes

TOM ROGERS

New Year's Eve was a wonderful spin. Parties everywhere, complete with balloons, streamers, noise-makers and a flood of champagne.

I got my midnight kiss at the Watergarden Party where I was on a panel of judges to select their New Year's "baby." Lust was our guide, camp our vehicle, and what a tour! Neal Bean, AKA Ida Know, performed his annual function as emcee with a flair he doesn't normally display. His drag would've made Lily Tomlin AKA Ernestine drool, and the questions he posed for each of the twelve contestants to answer were delicious. There were two categories of questions — situation and etiquette — to ferret out the attitudes of the contestants. A couple of examples: "Situation: After finally landing the catch of the day you discover that this beautiful, well-built and manly hunk has B.O. Do you: A) cry 'Gag me with a spoon' and leave, B) eat pit, or C) pass out?"

"Etiquette: You have just sucked off a fantastic hunk! However, you discover that his liquid present has a bitter, bitter taste. Do you: A) politely hold it, humming 'Excuse me' and run for the nearest can, B) immediately spit it out, or C) swallow it and beg for more!" The winner, Michael Smith, won an executive membership to the Watergarden (free entry to the Watergarden for a year, among other privileges) valued at \$500 and there were also prizes for Rick Dilly, 2nd place winner, and Jason Keith, 3rd place winner.

David Price and Mark Dalton of "A Culinary Experience" did a great job of catering the party. Champagne fountain, their beautiful hors d'oeuvres and service.



Big Michael (right) puts on his most winning smile while trying to convince Jack Britton and the rest of the world that "it isn't true."

An early-evening birthday party for Donny Thorndyke was thrown at Main Street just before their New Year's Eve party got underway. The affable owner of the cafe concession at Main Street was presented a heart-shaped cake trimmed wistfully with cherries.

New Year's Day was highlighted by a birthday party at Toyon for Empress Darlene. She arrived in a huge Cadillac limo, looking radiant in spite of her evening at the Watergarden. (Being pretty, for her, is easy.)

The latest Stockton Strip rampant rumor is simply not true, says Big Michael. The rumor linked Big Michael and Marlene (by proxy) romantically. It all started when Jerry O'Keefe of the 641 Club saw a playful little dry-humping scene between Big Michael and Jerry's sister Marlene's hubby Bob. Anyway, it was just another one of those complicated, "definitely not true" rumors that tend to rage up and down the strip.

very long, so if it is there, feel free to remove it.

Word has it that a chicken descended on the Savoy to perform a strip. After the fluffy feathers came off, a second layer of harder stuff — namely chains, a whip, and levis — was revealed. Sue says that the sight of the whip sent Pat right to high "C" and did a good job of wrecking the rest of the crowd as well. Note to the stripper: check out "Brown's Hotel" on Folsom. Word has it that those gals (Brown's is under new management) would love your act.

The First Annual Picket Party was held last week at Big Mama's in Hayward. They're still fighting off the AFL-CIO. The union posted a couple of almost waif-like picketers outside the door for the occasion.

Ran into David Steward, former Santa Clara County Human Rights Commissioner who was this area's only out-front Gay public official. He dropped out of politics, which helps explain why we haven't heard much from him for a while. He now lives in San Francisco and is beginning to mix and mingle in politics again. Says he recently explained his re-involvement in politics to Harry Britt by admitting that "Politics is just like Herpes. Once it's in your blood there's no getting rid of it." Steward says Britt disagreed, though. "They'll find a cure for Herpes one of these days," said Britt.

The BDL&G Community Center Board of Directors filled four vacant Board positions and selected a new director during a six-hour marathon session last week.

Board-member confirma-

tions were unanimously voted for Jamele Dalton and Mike Torrain, and Juanita Bloch and Donna Henderson were elected to fill the other two positions. Juanita Bloch returns to the Center after having served as its first Treasurer. Donna Henderson just completed a six-month term as the Center's Director.

The Board's packaged agenda included a decision to transfer the Center's savings account to Atlas Savings and Loan, a review of some prospective new sites for the Center, a decision to require annual budget submittals from coordinators of the Center's growing list of programs, a decision to plan a special out-of-town goal-setting session of the full board, the selection of a committee to plan a full week of activities (to be called Gay Pride Week) to coincide with the annual San Jose Gay Freedom Day Rally, and the selection of a new Director to fill the new six-month term that began January 1.

An hour-long discussion of the candidate resulted in the appointment of Frank O'Reilly, current co-chair of



Frank O'Reilly, new Center Director, the SCVCHR and long-time Center supporter.

Found more of the New Year spirit than I'd expected to find. Hope, peace and happiness. Love is so wonderful. Go hug your pet and have a great week.

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#### For AIDS Research

### New York Circus Benefit

In the hopes of raising more than \$150,000 to continue its work to fund research into Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), and provide support services for AIDS patients, Gay Men's Health Crisis has reserved Saturday night, April 30's performance of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus at New York's Madison Square Garden.

More than 17,500 tickets have been set aside for the biggest Gay social event of all time, noted GMHC volunteers upon announcing the event. According to their press release, the entire weekend will be part of "Aid for AIDS Week," which will include a wide range of social activities including special parties at Gay discos and clubs in the New York metropolitan area.

Tickets for the circus are available at \$25, \$15 and \$10. In addition, there are three special classes of tickets: Lion (Benefactor) for \$500, Tiger (Patron) for \$250, and Teddy-Bear (Sponsor) for \$100. Holders of these tickets will be invited to pre-circus entertainment.

Orders are now being taken by mail or phone.

For holiday gift-giving or early spring planning to purchase tickets by check or money order, make payment

to "GMHC-Circus" and send to: GMHC, 132 W. 24th - Box 274, New York, N.Y., 10011. Order received by February 1 will receive tickets March 1. Please note how many tickets are needed in each price category.

For Mastercard or Visa orders, as well as further information call, (212) 807-7517.

Gay Men's Health Crisis (GMHC), a New York City based all-volunteer organization geared to educating the general and Gay community concerning health issues, offer patient support services and raise funds for educational programs as well as medical research was founded in January, 1982.

### GRNL Seeks Applicants for Midwest Director

The Gay Rights National Lobby (GRNL) has announced that it will be opening a regional office to coordinate its field operations in twelve midwestern states. The states in this region are Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. The new office, tentatively scheduled to open in the spring of 1983, will most likely be located in Chicago.

### OAKLAND

(Continued from previous page)

human being. Dean is a person who finds a lot of love and caring in this world! I enjoy being here in this world in this time... and, gosh it's fun to play! That's it!

Those who know Dean just have to appreciate the problem I had trying to duplicate his laughing with a printed word... it just doesn't do it justice at all! As for his being generous, I was coerced into buying our late-night dinner... but I did shame him into leaving the tip... thirteen cents!

1983 is a perfect time for you to perfect your smile! Love, Nez



# BAY AREA REPORTER ENTERTAINMENT

TAGE SCREEN SHOWS ROCK OPERA INTERVIEWS BOOKS MUSIC THE ARTS STAGE SCREEN SHOWS ROCK OPERA INTERVIEWS BOOKS MUSIC THE ARTS STAGE SCREEN

## B.A.R. INTERVIEW

### For the Sake of a Friend, For the Sake of a Play

by John F. Karr

Although Arthur Laurents' play, *The Enclave* (opening tonight at Theatre Rhinoceros), is not a musical, it isn't surprising to find that Stephen Sondheim has contributed incidental music for it. Sondheim and Laurents are old friends, having worked together on *West Side Story* and *Gypsy*. But a more amazing tie becomes evident with knowledge of the play. *The Enclave* is a nonmusical version of what the George Furth/Sondheim groundbreaker *Company* could — or should — have been.

*Company* preceded *The Enclave* by two years. Both are about a single man, his growing self-knowledge, and his relationships with a group of married friends. In *Company* the man is straight, which many people (particularly Gays) thought unbelievable. In *The Enclave* he is Gay. Whatever seemed homogenized, made safe for Broadway audiences in *Company* is treated adroitly and without flinching in *The Enclave*. How much more believable it seems, how much truer to the situation presented in *Company*. No wonder Sondheim admired it enough to take the time to write music for it.

Sondheim's contribution is minimal, though, amounting to less than ten minutes of background music for scene changes. Credit for the contemporary pith of the play must go to author Laurents. Although he hasn't been publicly identified as Gay, Laurents writes of the bachelor's dilemma and experience with verisimilitude. Rhino director Robert Pitman chalks that up to Laurents' expertise. The author of *Home of the Brave*, *The Snake Pit*, *Anastasia*, and *The Way We Were* as well as two of Broadway's most gritty musicals "doesn't write words that people don't say," claims Pitman. "He's a consummate craftsman."

Pitman's knowledge of *The Enclave* might amount to that of a craftsman as well. In 1973 he worked as Production Stage Manager for both of the plays' initial productions. As far as he knows, this Rhino production is the first revival since then, and it incorporates changes made by Laurents plus material originally cut when it proved unsuited to the actors.

Pitman, who began his career as a director, returns to that position with this production. He's worked with Theatre Rhino since the opening of their new theatre, having come to Rhino because of his New York friendship with Rhino stalwarts J. Kevin Hanlon and Martin Xero. "J. Kevin and I were off-Broadway fairies together," he relates nonchalantly. It was only logical that Pitman look them up when he arrived in San Francisco three years ago after leaving "show business."

"Although I started out as a director," he says, "I found I could make a living as a Stage Manager. One day I woke up and realized I'd been a stage manager for ten years! I was not prepared to spend the time paying dues to become a director, so I looked over my options, left the business, and moved to San Francisco."

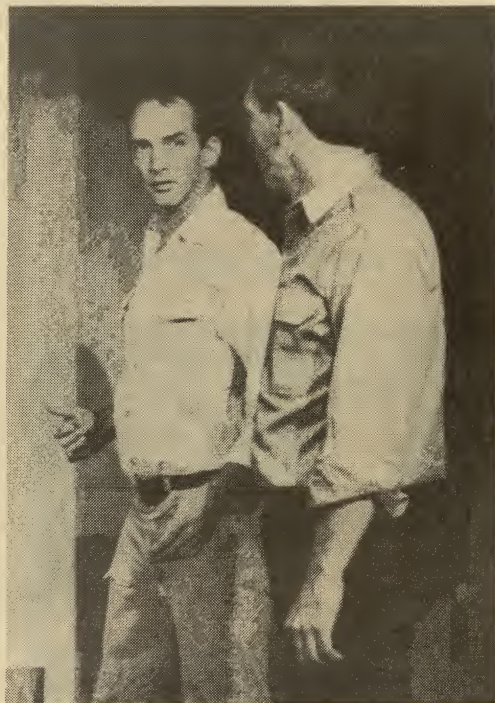
He missed the special attention he received as a New York theatre professional,

though, and credits the support of his lover while he went through "some adjustments" with ultimately helping him receive personal gratification from his present career within social work. He especially enjoys the contact with people his work brings him, similar to the intense relationships one experiences in theatre. "I drove a taxi for a year in New York City," he jokes, "so I'm fearless!"

Pitman brought *The Enclave* script to Rhino. "They are very open to people coming in to work, help, or offer ideas," he says. The script echoes his feeling for relationships and friends. "The play is about friendship and the things one does in the name, and for the sake, of friendship."

An enclave is a unit that functions undisturbed within foreign territory. *The Enclave* details the plans of coming out of the closet Ben and his best friends, three heterosexual couples, to form an enclave of houses against the hostile world of New York City. Although they are sophisticated, educated, urban people, they cannot accept the introduction of Ben's male lover as a member of their family.

"Laurents is saying that homophobia exists in all levels of society. The upper



*ENCLAVE* director Robert Pitman (l.) works through a scene with Ron Lanza, who, as Ben, is torn between the choice of a lover or his friends. (Photo: Cangiano)

class can accept Gays (and Blacks, and Jews) academically, but not in practicality."

The original production was not a success. "The very people who were being exposed by the play's statement were the people reviewing it," Pitman relates. "Only Martin Gottfried picked up on this point, that all elements of society can be homophobic." Even the educated, the "enlightened."

"The straight men cast as the lovers were uncomfortable with the physicality depicted, so it was deleted. The production was very WASP, contained. In our production all the characters express more physicality."

"The original concentrated on wit and lost the loving. I think our production is less arch. The actors interact more fully and understand the lives and nuances of their characters. This is the best cast I've seen at Theatre Rhino," says Pitman, and although every director is immodest about his cast, one feels in Pitman's experience a greater objectivity and truth.

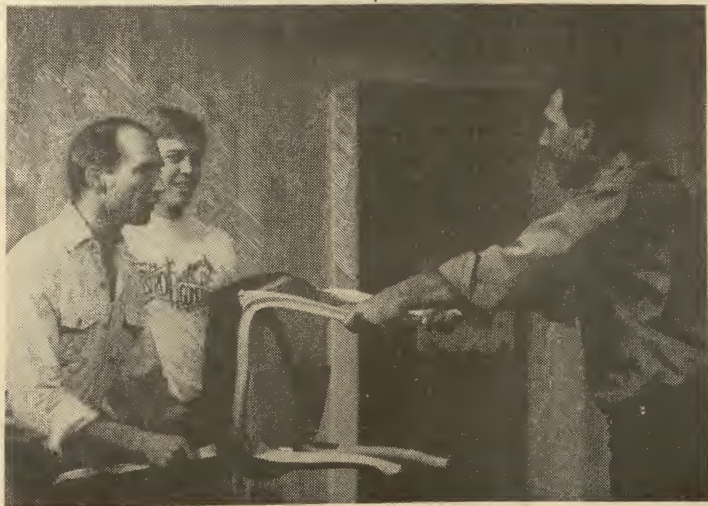
"Finally, though," he concludes, "the critics just weren't ready in 1973 to accept the point about homophobia."

"The sensibility of the play

is clearly homosexual. Ben is faced with the choice of his enclave or his younger lover, who represents a liberated and integrated lifestyle. The confrontations with each member of the enclave are intensely dramatic and not always flattering to straight people. But I think the play has a positive ending. It's hard for some, but I think they'll come around."

Pitman is as excited about the set as about the script and his cast. In a novel move, the Rhino stage has been both widened and deepened, going all the way to the actual back wall of the theatre. "We even have action occurring in the alley outside the theatre," Pitman exults.

Most important, though, is the play itself. It's unusual among Rhino's repertory for its commercial, mainstream origins. Sensing the challenge, Pitman reveals most a desire to serve, and reveal, a play he's lived with for a decade. "As a stage manager all those years I watched talented people put shows together. I understand the process. For me, it's about the process. Not career advancement, or personal ego, but in the play. At Rhino I feel like we can do it for its own sake. It's absolutely worth doing for its own sake."



Director Robert Pitman (l.) shows Ron Lanza as Ben how to wield a chair and keep his young lover Wyman (David Alpin) playfully at bay in *THE ENCLAVE*, now running at Theatre Rhino. (Photo: Cangiano)

#### This Week in Entertainment

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## GayWHOGayWHATGayWHEREGayWHENGayWHY

### One Into Many

San Franciscans barely got a nibble at Charles Busch when he played a one night stand at Studio Rhino last September. But Busch liked the taste of the city he got, and has returned for a month long engagement at the Valencia Rose. The solo performer from New York previews his show with benefits for The Stonewall Gay Democratic Club on Thursday, January 6, and for the KS Foundation on Friday 7, with an official opening on Saturday 8. He'll play Thursday through Saturday at 8 PM through-out January.

The young actor (he admits to being "somewhere around" 26) calls his production *Charles Busch Alone... With a Cast of Thousands*. Although in actuality there are approximately two dozen characters, the versatility Busch displays in playing them all is impressive. And besides, he said, "I liked the way 'with a Cast of Thousands' sounded!"

His show consists of two plays he's written, "Escape From Camp Kitchiwamee," which details the disgust of three summer camp misfits, and "After You've Gone," a serious film noir styled murder mystery.



Charles Busch as himself

der mystery.

*The Advocate* called him "the nation's most accomplished Gay monologist." But Busch sees his vehicles more as plays than monologues.

"My work is all storytelling, complete stories," he told the B.A.R. "I've written one-act plays in which I play all the parts. I used to use costumes, props, hats and wigs and boas, but I found they were actually distracting. I'm a kind of minimalist performer. Although I adore spectacle, by and large I've found for a solo performer, simple is best. So I supply the clues and the au-

dience supplies the rest.

"I've always played as many men as women, but it's difficult for audiences to get past drag elements. People take me more seriously now without the costumes. And I guess my powers of suggestion are good. I have one character I've always thought of as blonde, although I don't say what color her hair is. Reviewers always call her 'The Blonde Bombshell'!"

"'After You've Gone' is a more advanced piece than my earlier ones in which the characters were types. I'm getting away from that, into my own creations.

"I started writing monologues when I got frustrated working on a collective basis with a theatre group. I was familiar with the work of Ruth Draper, and everyone knows Lily Tomlin's work. I had a sense of what a miraculous thing suggesting whole worlds by yourself could be. Although designed for one person, I like to give the illusion these are regular plays. So it's not a stand-up routine, but a theatrical evening."

To reserve tickets for the Stonewall Benefit on 1/6, call 626-1245. For the KS Benefit on 1/7 and all other performances, call 552-1445. Tickets are \$5. Dinners are available before all shows.

### Me and Miss Jackson

Edward Guthman is well known under several identities. As a journalist his work has appeared in several Gay papers and on a regular basis as a film reviewer for *The Bay Guardian*. As a screen-writer he is credited with co-authoring the film *Whatever Happened to Susan Jane*. He appeared in that movie as Kevin Whiteside, the snoopy TV reporter. He's been the Big Bad Wolf on the shopping mall circuit and an Englishman in *Oliver!* with Georgia Brown. He provided the voice of the hero in Arthur J. Bressan's porno-valentine, *Passing Strangers*. But his most unusual identity is his newest, the aging woman he portrays in *Miss Jackson Converses: The Burning Issues of Our Times*.

Guthman will perform *Miss Jackson Converses*, which he wrote in traditional monologue fashion, as the opener for comedienne Carol Roberts. Their show inaugurates a series of Late Night



Edward Guthman

### Actors Classes

Theatre Rhinoceros will begin a six-week acting course concentrating on script work — monologues, partnered scenes and memory techniques — beginning January 15. The class, taught by J. Kevin Hanlon, will meet each Saturday from 11 AM to 2 PM through February 20, and will require at least one hour of outside work each week. The course fee is \$75, with a 20% discount for TR members and subscribers. Enrollment by January 14 by calling 552-4100.



Acting instructor J. Kevin Hanlon.  
(Photo: Rink)

Friday shows at the Valencia Rose. This first show, at 10:30 PM on Friday, January 7, perfectly complements the 8 PM appearance of solo performer Charles Busch. Admission to the late show is \$3.50.

"Reviving the lost art of the monologue is so exciting to me," Guthman told the B.A.R. "I like getting under somebody's skin."

"The character of Miss Jackson is similar to that of a woman I once knew and worked with. Though words and situations have been invented or embroidered upon, I think her essential spirit and imagination are preserved in the piece. It's similar to a Lily Tomlin monologue in that it partakes of that cockeyed sensibility of hers, where it's both bizarre and tender and weird and loving at the same time."

"It was a conscious decision on my part not to wear a costume or dress as a woman. I'm doing a character study, not a drag piece. My point of view is to appreciate and celebrate the ways people have of coping and surviving. I look at mediocrity and find the humor and strength people have underneath that. The ritualization of a mundane life reveals peoples' imaginations."

"The major point is to give people a laugh, to be entertaining while reporting and commenting."

### No Penetration

"Adam Ant Penetrates At All Levels!" scream the full page ads in music mags for Ant's new album. But he sure hasn't penetrated on the San Francisco level.



Go away, AdamAntly

Three weeks ago he canceled a sold-out gig at the Stone the day of the show. Ant, a butchly lower-class English rocker, stated he did not want to play for Gays. His manager hastily explained what Ant really meant, that he did not want to play small clubs. The real reason for the cancellation is not yet known. Ant's new album, not exactly topping the charts, is titled *Friend or Foe* and the ads for it beg, "Which side are you on?" Foolish question. It's obvious which side Ant is on.



## TALES OF TESSI TURA

### Sleight of Hand

GEORGE HEYMONT

It's no secret — we live in the era of the stage director. Though many don't sing (some can't even read music), directors have taken as firm a grip on the production process as the conductor and composer. The 1982 Central Opera Service conference was devoted to the theme of young operatic stage directors. This summer the Merola Program gave out awards to apprentice stage directors. Opera queens casually refer to the "Ponnelle" Dutchman or the "Chereau" Ring. What happened to Wagner in the process?

This summer witnessed two exquisite productions which bore the unerring mark of directorial genius. In neither case was the director billing himself out as the superstar of the production. Both men worked cleanly, with incisive strokes and an innate sensitivity to what was happening in the music. The results were a joy to behold and the best work seen in 1982.

#### LIZ TAYLOR NEVER SOUNDED LIKE THIS

With Charles MacKerras on the podium and John Copley directing, there was little that could go wrong with San Francisco Opera's production of *Julius Caesar* (which opened the recent summer festival). Handel's opera goes on forever, yet Copley directed with a grace and simplicity which worked wonders.

This version (borrowed from the English National Opera) was a vast improvement over the Rudel/Capobianco effort which held forth at City Opera for so many years. ENO's production had more money at hand and used it well, creating lush costumes and imaginative sets to bring Handel's music to life. The sound was quite different than the NYCO production, with Caesar cast as a mezzo and the roles of Ptolemy and

Mirenus sung by counter-tenors. As Ptolemy, James Bowman was simply fantastic — knocking out huge passages of fiorituri while turning the character into an arch-villain. A job well done.

The strongest singing came (surprisingly) not from Caesar or Cleopatra, but from that veteran singer Sarah Walker in the role of Cornelia. Walker practically wiped up the floor with the rest of the cast — her musicianship one of the highlights of the evening. Tatiana Troyanos looked fine, but sounded a bit lame as Caesar (often having trouble projecting and singing with rather mushy diction).

As Cleopatra, Valerie Masterson erased the debacle of her San Francisco debut last year in *La Traviata*. Her Egyptian princess was a superbly instinctive and sensual characterization (undermined occasionally by vocal

difficulties in some of the more demanding passages). Cleopatra is one of those roles which demands a soprano of vocal and physical beauty who can do justice to the role. While Masterson acquitted herself most honorably, I find it hard to understand why no one has ever cast Faye Robinson in the role (a superb singer who would look as well as sound like the perfect Cleopatra).

#### BRING ON THE BOYS

Down by the shores of the Mississippi the Opera Theatre of St. Louis mounted a new production of *Così Fan Tutte* which drew unanimous raves from critics around the nation, and deservedly so. Lovingly conducted by the late Calvin Simmons with a superb unit set by John Conklin, the production combined a new translation by Andrew Porter with the directorial talents of Dr. Jonathan Miller. Even when seen on a night when most of the cast was suffering from allergies and colds, this *Così* was one of those all-time great nights for Mozart's opera.

Thankfully, Richard Gaddes cast his production with superb taste, pairing Jerry Hadley (a superb tenor) with Thomas Hampson as Ferrando and Guglielmo. Ashley Putnam and a near lookalike, Patricia McCaffrey, were the two sisters with Ruth Golden offering a rather campy Despina. Hadley and Putnam were in rare form, singing like angels and coloring Mozart's music with rare passion. Putnam's Fiordiligi, in particular, was a knockout.

One of the joys of seeing Mozart in the Loretto-Hilton Theatre is the auditorium's intimacy. A 900-seat house with a thrust stage, this theatre propels the opera into an audience's lap — perfect for Mozart's chamber operas. Little personal touches are not lost as they would be in the immense reaches of a 3,000 seat barn. Miller used the opportunity to include precious moments — such as the instant when one of the men goosed Fiordiligi a split second before a suddenly inspired arpeggio.

Miller and Simmons working together was the great partnership that could have been. Since Calvin's untimely death, Miller has bowed out of directing opera (they were to have done *Don Giovanni* together next summer). For the opera world it was one of those brief shining moments, like Camelot. At year's end one looks back with a bittersweet memory on this *Così* and a fond tenderness for San Francisco's *Julius Caesar*. The two productions rank as the outstanding highlights of the calendar year, setting stern standards for others to match.



"All right, all right. THEN what did he do?" Fiordiligi (Ashley Putnam) asks her sister Dorabella (Patricia McCaffrey) for vital statistics as the two sisters compare boyfriends in Mozart's *COSÌ FAN TUTTE*.

#### THE STRIP



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# Ernesto

The Importance of Seeing 'Ernesto'

Ernesto made me happy, sad, angry and horny, sometimes all at once. That's a lot to ask of a movie.

While many countries produce political films, only Italian filmmakers seem able to integrally blend politics with sex, drama, comedy, and especially sex.

It's 1911. Ernesto (Martin Halm) is 16, slender, attractive, half-Jewish. His family is bourgeois. He delights in calling himself a socialist to upset the uncle he and his mother (Virna Lisi) live with, but he's too selfish to be convincing. (His aunt says accurately that he has "a socialist tongue with a capitalist stomach.")

He is drawn into a sexual relationship with one of the laborers (Michele Placido) he supervises at work. They play by the ancient rule. "Boys are bottoms, men are tops," until Ernesto, exploring his newfound power, insists on reversing the roles. (He also tries a female prostitute.) The man loves him too much to deny him anything.

The boy breaks off the relationship and later tells his mother about it in a scene which shows just how cruel and manipulative he can be.

There was no such thing as being "out" in those days. A man lived a "normal" life and if it was discovered that he was Gay he could choose between suicide and prison.

Near the end Ernesto appears headed into the traps society has laid for him, but he's aware of what's happening. In a touching scene that makes us forgive him all that has gone before, he releases a



NUNCA EN PLACIDO — Michele Placido (l.) teaches Martin Halm that a young man's place is on the bottom until his beard begins to grow, in ERNESTO. We see mostly heads and hands, but the sex scenes are highly erotic despite, or because of the fact that the clandestine situation makes them come quickly and quietly. S.W.

pet bird: "Fly while you still can."

A homophobic synopsis from distributor Promovision International, which might have been written in 1911, says that Ernesto was going through a phase, but "that chapter of his life has been closed." I doubt that you'll see it that way. The ending is sad and slightly ambiguous, but offers delicious possibilities.

The screenplay, by a trio including director Salvatore Samperi, cleverly weaves scenes together by repeating a word or idea from one to the next: i.e., Ernesto and his lover are discussing the pain of being fucked for the first time; in the next scene the boss, in a different context, tells Ernesto, "Naturally it

hurts."

There's an air of fantasy in the self-conscious settings. The laborers work in clean dirt and Ernesto walks through the warehouse without getting a speck of dust on his three-piece black suit. This works well enough in the period setting, as long as we don't forget that we should learn from history.

Because Samperi had more courage than the people who bought his film for American release, I can endorse *Ernesto* as a complex, fascinating study of one boy's rite of passage.

Steve Warren  
(Lumiere)

# Nicholas Nickleby

Addicting Dickens

A Special Report on the Television Event  
by Michael Lasky

When the Royal Shakespeare Company presented its eight-plus hour production of Charles Dickens' 900-page novel *Nicholas Nickleby* on Broadway last year, it cost a flat \$100 a ticket and the limited engagement was quickly sold out. Fortunately for us, a performance of it was taped and the result is truly splendid video theatre.

Even though the play will be shown on television, we are never allowed to forget that this is, above all, theatre. The camera peeks at back stage chicanery and flashes at audience reaction at just the necessary moments.

Most dramatizations of Dickens excessively plotty and chatty novels are usually boiled down to two hours or less, cutting out the very innards of his style. This offering drops virtually nothing and employs 39 actors in 150 different roles. Only the formidable Roger Rees as Nicholas has a solo part and he is on stage most of the time.

The story? It's basic Dickens: a heroic young man, with his virtuous younger sister to protect, experiences grievous wrongs and observes

nefarious and dastardly deeds yet somehow proves that good triumphs eventually over bad.

A useful invention here allows the players to leave their characters to relate Dickens' own comments about their characters' thoughts and deeds. It's a technique that breathes living novel, providing the proceedings with a fluidity that otherwise would be overcome in a quagmire of detail.

Once you get past the first hour you'll be hooked. It cast a magical spell that has you cheering and swearing along with *Nickleby's* fortunes and severe setbacks. In Part Two look for the hilarious bawdierized Romeo and Juliet and in Part Three watch the opera buffo. In each there is an equal share of humor and pathos.

The original book was published as a 65-part serial. Presented on TV in four teasing portions, *NN* has much the same headlong appeal. Viewing it, you will have immediately saved \$100 but more importantly witnessed a rare theatrical adventure. Bravo! ■

Michael Lasky

*Nicholas Nickleby* will be telecast on Channel 5, KPX, Monday, January 10 through Thursday 13 from 8 to 10 PM except for the last installment which runs from 8 to 11. There is only one commercial break in each installment.



The loathsome, sadistic school master Wackford Squeers (Alun Armstrong) chortles to think he has Nicholas Nickleby (Roger Rees) where he wants him, but he's in for a surprise, in the TV adaptation of the Dickens classic.

# Gandhi

...is Dandy

When Richard Attenborough was asked why he doggedly spent 20 years of his life to bring *Gandhi* to the screen, he replied simply, "Gandhi showed us a way to stop killing each other."

Perhaps that is why Attenborough reveals only the good side of the famous Indian leader's life. He wants us to see only the humane spirit of a man whose name is synonymous with the power of nonviolent protest which won his country its freedom.

Gandhi is portrayed with such startling credibility and realization by Ben Kingsley, an English (half-Indian) stage actor, that at times you begin to think that Mahatma Gandhi himself has been reincarnated.

We first see Mohandas K. Gandhi, an Indian attorney, as he arrives in South Africa where he is made brutally aware of the color prejudice and lack of civil rights of his compatriots. Still only in his early twenties, he resolves to change both attitudes and laws — and do so without resorting to violence.

Although the film is over three hours long (with a 20 minute intermission) it doesn't feel that way for Attenborough has established a flow of ideas sparked from singularly dramatic and crucial events in Gandhi's life. Thus, we become enthralled by Gandhi's transformation from a passionate, vain, and inarticulate lawyer into one of the world's great spokesmen for peace and moral courage.

There are no subtleties in Attenborough's style. Whatever Gandhi does is right, whatever the seemingly barbaric British do is inhumane and ruthless. Alas, such is the way of the benign propagandist for it allows him to whittle down voluminous material into a feasible drama.

With its cast of thousands (some scenes have 300,000 extras), breathtaking photography and mesmerizing Ravi Shankar score, *Gandhi* is inspiring, enlightening, and amazingly enough — entertaining as the life and above all spirit of the greatest 20th century humanitarian unfolds. ■

(Northpoint) Michael Lasky

"An insightful psychological probe into male sexuality... cinematic and thought-provoking." John Stark, S.F. EXAMINER

"Infectiously funny throughout."

CHRISTOPHER STREET MAGAZINE

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## BOOK RACK

### Fire Island Out, Bluefish Cove In

**Pines '79**, by Terry Miller; \$5.95  
**Last Summer at Bluefish Cove**, by Jane Chambers; \$6.95. Available from JH Press, box 294, Village Station, New York, New York, 10014.

by Frank Howell

Gays are odd creatures. Like all minority groups they protest stereotyped treatment and then act out the same things they protest.

**Pines '79** is a case in point. Miller has billed his two act play as a romantic comedy. Well and good. But why must these views of Gays disporting themselves so frequently take place on Fire Island? The characters are usually clones on the make who love to disco until dawn without a care in the world. They are always attractive and frequently devoid of brains.

Brace has invited Jeff, a younger man from New York City (where else?) to summer with him and his friends in their roomy place on the island.

Hank and Curt are older lovers who fight frequently while various other friends drift in and out of the trendy scene. People are frequently meeting and breaking up.

Brenda, sixty-seven years young, is a worldly gal who appears to be bisexual and who frequently comments on her past escapades and the current mores of the group.

This is all cute and coy stuff, warmed over Neil Simon. It seems as if the younger generation was

raised on TV sitcoms. Young playwrights seem unaware that anything better exists. They are not familiar with Noel Coward, George Kelley, George S. Kaufman, and others of the old school who truly knew how to make us love and laugh.

One of the most tiresome aspects of **Pines '79** is the constant harping on the use



Playwright Terry Miller

of "recreational" drugs as a means of solving every dilemma that arises. We get the impression that to be young and homosexual means you must be hooked on something exotic.

The play does exhibit occasional insights, as when one of the characters remarks to another about life in the early 1960's. "Everyone had a lover back then. There was

nothing else to do." Lines like this cry out for further exploration.

Such exploration is not forthcoming, and this is a pity. We've all been to Fire Island and Polk Street once too often.

Previously I reviewed Jan Chambers comedy **My Blue Heaven**, a disaster that failed to ignite my imagination. But this time around Miss Chambers has surprised us. **Last Summer At Bluefish Cove** creates people we care about.

A group of Lesbian women have come to Bluefish Cove to spend the summer. (Staying at resort areas seems to be a habit amongs Gays). The heart of the action centers around Lil and Eva, who are falling in love. Lil battles cancer and is afraid to tell Eva, a frightened, confused woman, who has just left her husband. She has no previous lesbian experience.

Also in the group is Kitty, a strong-willed psychologist who has written a blazing tome of liberation, **The Female Sexual Imperative**.

The gals all laugh and fight among each other and the dialogue is refreshing and has a bite to it. The ending is somewhat inconclusive but the audience has a good time getting there.

Miss Chambers is an old hand at creating for the footlights (at least a dozen plays). With **Bluefish Cove** she proves that **My Blue Heaven** was only a beginning. Hopefully Theatre Rhino will see fit to produce this one. ■

Gays as they relive and work through the pains and sorrows of the past. A kind of death and rebirth take place. Success is usually the result of a spiritual surrender and the realization that we are not totally in control of our lives.

Fortunato emphasizes that a healing process can only emerge for Gays if the therapist is not blinded by a rejection of homosexuality. Otherwise, the patient will resist whatever course the therapy takes.

**Embracing The Exile** will cause much controversy among the high priests who surround the psychiatric altar. The refreshing waters of such heretical thoughts was badly needed in such areas as pas-

**Embracing The Exile launches the heady trip of transforming and making whole the traditional enemy, Christianity.**

The emphasis always remains on the self. Religious values are totally ignored. He underlines the necessity to let go of the self and advises us to stop seeking status at the expense of love and caring.

Fortunato feels we are currently trapped in an era of "post est megalomaniacs." He is especially critical of the EST movement, since it fosters a self-centered outlook.

He shares the stories of several Gays who have struggled against the rejection of straight friends and relatives and he also tells of his own struggles with rejection. Training and experience have taught him that a grieving and raging process is needed for

toral psychology years ago. What a different world it might have been if such a man as John Fortunato had raised his voice in protest before now. Countless suicides and broken love affairs might have been steered in more creative directions. If only that well-meaning but ineffectual minister I had consulted years ago had at least been challenged by a band of Gay Christians.

Many Gays will be critical of this book and say that Christianity is the enemy. Traditionally this has been so, but the church, like everything else, can be transformed and made whole. Fortunato has launched us on a heady trip! ■

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### Staying Out of the Shadows

**Embracing The Exile: Healing Journeys of Gay Christians**  
 By John E. Fortunato  
 Seabury Press - \$11.95

"Homophobic therapists can't help homosexuals. It's ridiculous to imagine entering into the spirit of a gay person and truly understanding their experience from the inside if you are uncomfortable with or repulsed by homosexuality."

Counseling is a curious combination of art and science. People come with heavy and confused hearts expecting some sign of light and guidance. But the profession is frequently under attack these days. We no longer assume that magic can be found in mind probing. John Fortunato is concerned about the future of psychological help as applied to Gays.

Many of us have experienced hell on earth at the hands of those who "only want to help." My first experience with pastoral counseling was bitter, indeed. At the age of seventeen I approached our smiling minister for some private consultation about the big subject. Instead of listening objectively to my problems the Rev. promptly notified my parents that they had a Gay son. The counseling ended abruptly and I reentered my humble closet. Naturally, my attitudes toward people in the helping professions has been cautious ever since.

Reading **Embracing The Exile** may restore our faith. Fortunato is president of Integrity, the Episcopal Gay caucus, and he has earned a degree in pastoral psychotherapy. He understands the



## STAGE

# New York Trills A Torch Song

'Torch Song Trilogy' Scores Off-Broadway

by George Heymont

Harvey Fierstein's tour de force as an actor and playwright has been gaining national attention in The Glines' production of *Torch Song Trilogy*. Two of the plays (*International Stud* and *Fugue in a Nursery*) have already been performed locally. The third piece, *Widows and Children First!*, however, is the clincher. *Widows* has been very carefully executed by Fierstein, leaving his audience in awe of his skills.

The first two plays give us Arnold, the lovable, frenzied drag queen. Arnold's brazen personality and caustic tongue are constantly at odds with the mushy romantic in his soul and crippling self-doubts which tend to destroy everyone with whom he comes in contact. In his desperation to hold onto someone he loves (and in his insistence that his lover Ed not retreat back into the closet) Arnold's claws go into full heat. But nothing Arnold can do can quell the love he feels for Ed, no matter who else each chooses to live with. Eventually, Ed gets married, trying to convince himself that he's really straight. Arnold hitches up with a teenage hustler. But each still wants to test the other's love.

The second play, *Fugue in a Nursery*, allows that subtle battleground for relationships as Arnold and Alan visit Ed

and his wife in the country. Fierstein has written a deft little chess game as each person's thoughts unveil the fragility of both relationships. Defenses continue to drop as Arnold and his friends force themselves toward truths they don't want to face but in-



Playwright Harvey Fierstein in his *TORCH SONG* drag

wardly recognize as inevitable.

It is the final play, however, that ties up all the loose lines with a devastating emotional impact. It is several years since Alan has been killed in a fag-bashing incident. Arnold has adopted a 16 year old Gay orphan. "They had me try everything," smiles David. "I went through EST, aversion therapy, rolfing, and they finally came up with hopelessly homo and sent me to Arnold." At last Arnold has found a non-threatening relationship: mothering a Gay son. This is when Fierstein chooses to have Ed show up wanting to revive his relationship with Arnold at the same time that Arnold's classic Jewish mother arrives from Miami.

Mrs. Beckoff works on the firm principle that what you don't want to hear, you don't hear. Alas, for once she can't shut her eyes. Nor will Arnold let her tune out what he is saying. Forcing her to understand that his grief at Alan's death is every bit equal if not greater than her widowhood, Arnold finally forces an ultimatum on his mother: "Either respect me or there is no room for you in my life." How Fierstein resolves the crisis will leave theatergoers wrenched with emotion and elated by the play's honesty.

Fierstein heads up the small cast with a performance of poignant fragility and outrageous bravado. His bizarre voice takes a bit of getting used to (imagine Tallulah trapped in a busy air conditioning vent). Court Miller wisely underplays the role of

Ed, letting Fierstein dominate the stage. As Mrs. Beckoff, Estelle Getty deserves to be enshrined in the Smithsonian. A petite woman who has probably ironed her mascara before she applied it, Ms. Getty is an old pro. Her timing, bite and genuine pathos go past the easy stereotypes of monster mothers. Fisher Stevens' performance as David (Arnold's son) was one of the surprise highlights of the evening. An angelic waif who has been through too many foster homes, Stevens' character was the strongest state-

ment to be seen on a stage about Gay youth wanting guidance and stability in their lives from older Gays.

*Torch Song Trilogy* is far and away one of the best evenings of theater currently on display in New York. Its importance goes way past the definitions of Gay theater. It is about people learning to be honest with their lives. Under Peter Pope's able direction, Fierstein has made an impassioned plea for justice in the wake of the havoc we wreak upon ourselves. ■

## SPORTS NEWS

### CORNER POCKET

## Another Season, Another Reason...

GENE MILLER

Twice a year, at each season's end, the San Francisco Pool Association throws a party, and you're invited. Last July's party was the biggest ever. Held at Trocadero Transfer, it was a memorable occasion for all who attended: this season it's at Trocadero again, and "the best yet," according to party organizer Ed Nathan. "We'll have vocalist Jessica Smith, set designs creating the mood of Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and it's going to be party, party, party... and certainly one of the best values of the season due to the fact that for the cost of admission, each person will receive a membership to Trocadero. We're having entertain-

ment energy of over 200 pool players, their guests, and Trocadero's unique ambience produced an unforgettable evening. All concurred. "We gotta do this every season."

### BENEFIT FOR 'AIDS'

Nathan and his co-worker Lea Benson both feel the event will be the most successful yet, financially. Says Nathan, "I feel honored to be part of an event that will not only celebrate the excellence of pool playing in San Francisco but also all profits beyond SFPA cost will go to AIDS research."

Pool Association Mardi Gras... Tuesday, January 11... Trocadero Transfer... with Jessica Smith

## CABARET

# A Song For the Council's Comedy

by Woolly

A funny thing happened in the bar the other night... funny ha-ha... also funny strange. It was a show called *Comedy Tonight* presented by the San Francisco Council on Entertainment. Using some of Stephen Sondheim's lyrics from his song of the same title, here is what happened:

Something familiar  
Something peculiar  
Something for everyone  
A Comedy Tonight.

Something appealing  
Something appalling  
Something for everyone  
A Comedy Tonight.

Nothing with kings  
Nothing with crowns  
Bring on the lovers,  
Liars and clowns.

Old situations  
New Complications  
Something for everyone  
Comedy Tonight.

Nothing portentous  
Nothing polite  
Something for everyone  
Comedy Tonight.

Something erratic  
Something dramatic  
Something for everyone  
Comedy Tonight.

Frenzy and frolic  
Strictly symbolic  
Something for everyone  
Comedy Tonight.

Something that's gaudy  
Something that's bawdy  
Something for everybawdy  
Comedy Tonight.

Nothing that's grim  
Nothing that's Greek  
She plays Medea  
Later this week.

This time it all  
Worked out right  
Tragedy tomorrow  
Comedy Tonight.

The show was held upstairs at Trinity Place... an evening of stand-up comics performing for a Gay audience... the idea being that humor is universal.

First came Mike Pritchard... a visual, sound effects guy... growing up weird in Ohio... the hulk... the straight Peter Pan of the neighborhood... rather delightful.

Just a lot of queens on hand... no Gay royalty, however... between the audience and the comics, all categories were covered here.

The National Theatre of the Deranged carrying on in the sharp political satire tradition of The Committee... managed to dredge humor out of the MX Missile.

N.Y. sthick comic Jeremy Kramer... with low pressure California delivery... "What do I look like to you. An anti-drug movie for 7th grade?"

On stage macho man, Jim Giovanni complete with cigar... very different off stage explaining why the Trinity audience responded better... "Not saturated with us."

Bob Sarlatte who got the best laugh of all. "Anyone here like sports?"; the rousing chorus of "Yeah, water!" utterly confused him and he innocently responded, "Oh, er, like swimming and diving?" Uproar time.

The humor of Jim Samuels. "Do you know the lucky number for a white man in Oakland? 911!" or "Jack-in-the-Box advertises croissants served just like they are in Paris... I guess that means by angry 18-year old Mexicans from Fresno."

Perhaps pertaining to Jane Dornacker who showed up in sack dress, high heels and bobby socks... but did not appear on stage... no explanations offered.

Did it work? Like the car and your roommate, sometimes yes and sometimes no... the audience was amused... nobody threw things... tragedy meant that some of the comics had to be at straight jobs early the next morning. ■

ment, awards for best costumes, and dancing 'til whenever."

### THE MOVE TO TROCADERO

In previous seasons, the trophy presentations had customarily been held in one bar or the other — usually the White Swallow. Quiet affairs, they were. In '81 Mike Flowers, then league President, began promoting the idea of making trophy night a real event, a party. A few people were skeptical, recalling the loss the league suffered in its only previous attempt at such a party. In '79 they had the bands of Will Porter and Stoneground, imported palm trees, Harry Britt made a presentation to Luby Peltier, Senator Milton Marks said a few words, a good time was had by all, and the league wound up in the red. So when it came time for the SFPA to produce another party, Flowers and his organizers were a little less extravagant and the league still had a few bucks when it was all over. The party was held at Amelia's, and when it drew to a close, newly-elected President Bill West was heard telling a few people, "This place may not be big enough next season." Everyone had thoroughly enjoyed themselves and wondered what he meant, but a few weeks later he revealed his plan. "I'm pretty sure we can get Trocadero Transfer," was his startling news. This prompted a "Here we go again" from a few who recalled '79. Indeed, it seemed he was shooting a little too high, but the more he talked, the more exciting the idea became.

The party exceeded everyone's expectations. The com-

So here we go again... Tuesday, January 11, beginning at 8p.m. with the trophy presentations (a big San Diego send-off for the City Championship team, decided a couple of days after this article went to press), followed by vocalist Jessica Smith and dancing until you feel like leaving. The SFPA invites you to come to their Mardi Gras. Snacks, by the way, will be endless: Eagle Snacks compliments of Bracco Distributors. Admission is \$10 at the door, or \$8 in advance at several locations. ■

### Play Ball

The Phone Booth Softball Team will have its first team practice on Sunday January 9. Any Gay man or woman interested in playing softball is invited. Please be at Ralph Field (Army and Potrero) at 11:30 a.m. on that day. If you need any further information, please call Chuck Smith at 621-3788.

### Cycling Away

The Different Spokes bicycle club announces a hilly 60 mile ride from Skyline Blvd. through Sawyer Camp for Sunday, January 9. Meet at 9 AM at McLaren Lodge in GGP. Info: 863-2889. ■

### Frontrunners

The Sunday Fun Run for January 9 will cover a choice of 2, 3 or 5 level miles through Sausalito. Runners should meet at the Valhalla parking lot at 10 AM. Those who need rides or want to carpool should meet at the Safeway parking lot (Church and Market) at 9 AM. ■



# BAY AREA REPORTER BOB'S BAZAAR

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## MY KNIGHTS IN LEATHER

### Wrapped In My Daddy's Arms

KARL STEWART

#### OLD KNIGHTS PASS TO NEW

After an uncommonly depressing year, one sits down with one's favorite stuffed leather dog and thinks of both the good and troublesome things which have occurred. Making plans and a few resolutions is not too difficult, and one hopes for something which will provide some easy success. Success being in short supply these days, I think they probably laid off several thousand workers at the Success factory this year. I have met few who felt '82 was grand but more who have an optimistic (if not a bit gun shy) feeling about '83.

In the wake of lots of disappointments, however, there is a genuine and generous splash of richness about what happened last year. So/M saw numerous high quality art exhibitions and performance pieces. There were some great parties and superb entertainers. And fun... we did have fun. Dancing, laughing, and carrying on. Talk, groping, generally fucking each other's brains out.

The clear night brought calm and festive celebration to the hills and hollows of The

City on New Year's Eve. Only a few of the many parties were fully packed, but all seemed to have a spirit of "Gaiety" (you'll pardon the expression).

The Ambush was packed to the rafters with the characteristic revelry of the burly mountaineers who populate that lair. Very high and calm.

Down the street, the jocks and levied studs of the Arena partied hardy with Bill, Steve, and Terry pouring the bubbly at midnight. At midnight, too, a little bit of the Big Apple was transported to So/M when J.C. lowered his lighted ball from dizzying heights to light up a big '83.

I was fortunate to receive an invite to the Catacombs' big New Year's Grease In. Exactly at 12 my daddy and I were wrapped in each other's arms in a dark corner. What a perfect way to ring in a New Year. They say that what you are doing at midnight on New Year's Eve will reflect the following year. I do hope so!

Back on the streets we saw a rowdy bunch at Febe's. The party was started when Empress Mae pulled up with her double-decker busload on a tour of the City. The invita-

tion was a perfect way to begin the evening and I'll bet they were a pretty sight by the stroke of 12. Myra, Stan, Walt, and Peter all wore gorgeous buns and flashed disco bowties, and little else. Febe's does have the hottest bunch of B'tenders in town. A matched set, delicious.

The Brig, I'm told, was also festive. All that black leather squeaking against more black leather always makes me hungry.

As the juices of revelry coursed through our veins and the bars closed, we went off to see our friendly disco-mongers. Struggling against some disappointing contract cancellation. Joe's Shows' Up, Out & On at the Harrison Street Theatre slashed their prices and drew a sparse but alive group to dance to the sounds of Steve Fabus.

Later we ran into LA LeatherPig Robert Burns. Reporting on the Troc, he said, "It was fine, three-quarters full of the hardcore Troc Family, celebrating together."

I walked into the I-Beam just in time to catch the end of The Ritchie Family's act, and they're always full of electricity. Dr. Kellman goes all the way with food, champagne, and great sound by Rob Kimbel, with sound design by Randy Schiller, who was running back and forth between the Galleria and the I-Beam. One can't mention the I-Beam without paying tribute to Video Master Jack Williamson.

I asked Jacqui of the Family Ritchie how it felt to celebrate the "First Light" of '83 here in SF at in the I-Beam. She responded, "Loved it! To the Ritchie Family. Gay audiences have always been our folks. The success of our new album has brought us into a broader market, so doing a Gay club is like coming home. Thanks so much to you all."

#### FIRST LIGHTS, FIRST KNIGHT

When dawn turned to blinding sunlight we sought refuge in The Stables for their Hangover Party. The bar gradually filled with the bleary-eyed and the sparkling alike, Bruce and Ted among the former.

At the Eagle I had an unaccustomed a.m. bloody mary and Stella was the one who sparked. Dennis Yount told me the End-Up was jammed with leather and leather alike. It carried on all day long there.

What does one do on New Year's Day? Watch the Rose Parade and a few games on the tube, then stop by friends' house parties of which there were many all weekend. Cleve Jones threw a stunning New Year's Eve soiree for the politically correct and incorrect alike. Jack Murnan had a hot group up to his chateau, for prawns, pate, and bubbles. Ron Reamer and Steve Douglas held a relaxed shindig in the late afternoon as we sipped Swedish Glogg and watched the City lights sparkle below.

(Continued on next page)

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The Caldron's infamous Tuesday

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The Arena wanted a theme for the photo show proposed by Matthew Newman, and he gave them one. **Reach Out and Touch... Something** is a Phone Fantasy that would make Ma Bell blush. The black and white enlargements pick up on the current trend towards phone sex, featuring gritty, greasy hunks and a telephone. There's no loose connection or dial tones. The show opens at The Arena with a champagne reception on Wednesday, January 12, at 8 p.m. ■



## KNIGHTS

(Continued from previous page)

Met Larice and the MC Crazies . . . still up from the night before. "How do you do it?" I remarked. "You look so fresh." Here is Larice's beauty hint of the week for the leatherqueen who stays up for two days. She advises, "Draw a steamy bath and pack Preparation H on your face and then let the steam work; the bags disappear!" I'm sure she'll have more helpful hints for us in the future.

David of the Men's Room stopped by. He gave the End-Up a rave. "It's still jumpin'" he remarked.

Hope your New Year was as fun and effortless as mine.

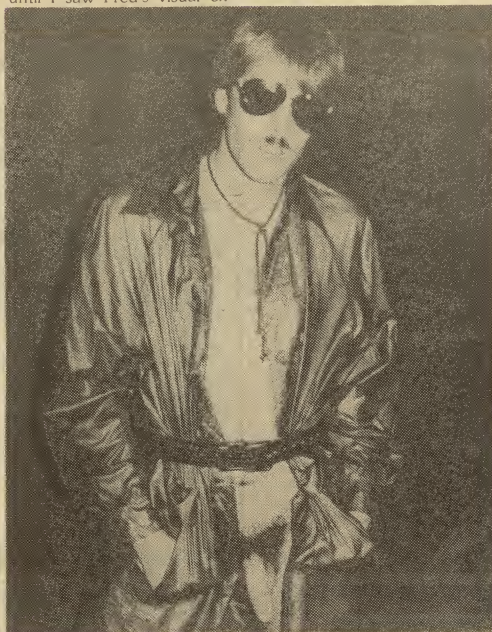
### ARTS DE KNIGHT

Among the notable efforts in the So/M art world is the Ambush's presentation of Dick Wheeler's oils. Wheeler has the irresistible quality of subjective masculinity. He has no need to be blatant about his subject. The technique and manliness speak to you.

Seeing work this strong is not an effort, but a pleasure.

At The Stables Rick and Steve sponsored the work of Fred Linde. As one of the founders of the Rainbow Deaf Society he has worked and played So/M for years. I never realized how much we depend upon sound to transmit our impression of the world until I saw Fred's visual ex-

ploration of his world of silence. Fred is decidedly an amateur, but his powerful expression crashes through the sound barrier like a dandelion pushes up through a crack in the cement. His work is diverse, too. It ranges from male eroticism like "Leatherman with Big Dick" and "The Henchman" to the joy of a clown called "Masked," to a



Another simple and chic New Year's Eve outfit seen on Castro Street. A plastic raincoat, a belt, some rubber hose . . . wait a second. That hose is real! (Photo: Rink)



This enlisted man, star of the Nob Hill's live show, RESTLESS, has lost his head over his barracks buddy, but has a firm grip on another. The show is staged twice daily, while MOVING and RAW COUNTRY are this week's films. (Photo: C. Enn)

stunning portrait of "Sophia." Not bad for only a year's work.

On other leatherly fronts, tall, handsome leather stud Christian Anderson will have a one-man show at Trinity Gallery on 1/9 in Berkeley at 2362 Bancroft Way. The

Arena will feature the erotic and lustful lens of Matt Newman with a champagne reception on 1/12 at 8p.m. Febe's own Peter will be the star of the show. "Reach Out and Touch Something" is the theme. I think I will. ■

### Karl Stewart

Wednesday, 1/12. Phone Fantasy. Erotic B&W Photography by Matthew E. Newman. The Arena. 8p.m., champagne reception.

New Art Work by Joseph Lembo. The Stables: reception 6-9p.m.; show continues through 2/2.

Thursday, 1/13. First Thursday J/O Party. The Caldron. doors open 8-9:30; reopen at midnight.

Friday, 1/14. Beast Party. Grand Opening of New Steam Facility at Animals: \$7 lockers, rooms open. 8p.m.

Saturday, 1/15. SFGD 9th Anniversary. The Ramrod. 8p.m.

### Karl's Calendar

Thursday, 1/6. Paintings by Jim (Piggett) McKell. Ambush, opening 5:30-8p.m.; thru 1/19.

Friday, 1/7. Warlocks Open Meeting. The Stables. 8p.m.

Saturday, 1/8. Coronation Voting. Community Thrift Store. 625 Valencia Street (between 17th & 18th). 10a.m. - 6p.m.

The Empires United. Coronation '83. Japan Center Theater. 6p.m.; tickets \$15 adv., \$20 door.

Final So/M Party for Connie. Febe's. 11a.m.-4p.m., rides to polls, free.

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Is this you, screaming at the moon on New Year's Eve? Or holding a throbbing hangover the next morning? Inside the head, made by a fan, is the inimitable Divine, at last Halloween's I-Beam party. (Photo: R. Pruzan)



## Meet the Candidates

A Brief Introduction to Emperor and Empress Candidates

by Karl Stewart

### EMPEROR

Mike Hopper has designed and dressed more Emperors and Empresses than perhaps anyone else in the city. He is well-known as a behind-the-scenes money raiser for charity. He plays So/M and is running for the first time.

Royal is a member of the Barbary Coasters as well as a long-time member of The Coits (the Gay answer to the Bohemian Club). He is running for the first time also.

Tattoo Jim makes his home in the Tenderloin, where he enjoys tremendous popularity. This is also his premier sprint for the title.

Tom Vindeed has served as the Gay Softball League commissioner and was responsible for raising \$50,000 for the Gay World Series, which was held in conjunction with the Gay Games. Like his peers, his is his first approach to the throne.

### EMPRESS

Connie's talents as a performer have been lent to more fundraisers than can be counted. Connie is an accomplished cellist and has supported both Gay Chorus and the Gay orchestra since their inception. Known as a strong stage talent throughout the Tenderloin, motorcycle clubs, and So/M, this is Connie's fourth bid for the title.

Dee Dee Love is one of the Tenderloin's primary movers and shakers, raising both food and funds for seniors. Dee

Dee is active in American Indian programs and is running for the first time.

Trixie has owned a tavern in San Francisco for a long time and has not only organized campaigns for the crown but backed them as well. Trixie is a serious candidate, even though not known as a skirt wearer. My source tells me Trixie felt it would be fun to be on the inside of the skirts for once.



You'll never see political elections with all the candidates being friends together. Here's all of this year's potential Royalty: Back Row (l. to r.): Trixie, Dee Dee Love, Connie, and Mike Hopper. Front (l. to r.): Tom Vindeed, Tattoo Jim, and Royal.

## PORN CORNER

### No Holes Barred

KARR

Jason Sato's *The Brig* is a field day for the fake name, the *nom de porno*. The film, which is just opening a two-week run at Savages, has an eight-man cast. Over half of those men are San Franciscans, yet the only one with a name you'll recognize is Mickey Squires. I had great fun seeing people I knew and picking the right moniker for them from the scrambled credits.

*Brig* has six sequences loosely strung together and almost all "the good part." So you needn't feel imprisoned, but can go play and return whenever. There's no need to watch it in sequence.

As directed by Sato and filmed by the accomplished Nick Eliot, *The Brig* is as professional and assured a product as can be. It gives the first porno credit I can remember for an editor, Lee Ross, who has done well. The only element I didn't like was the music, which is a blot. Repeatedly interruptive, it is stylistically not unified, without continuity or relation to the action. Credit goes to Enzley Cohen, which sounds as much like a stage name as those of the cast members. The actors usually have sound reasons for the *nom de porno*. In Cohen's case I'm sure it was self-defense.

*The Brig's* hero is one very pretty, introspective lad with the on-screen name of David Ross. He's differently yet well-known locally. He's seen driving into San Francisco from the farm. "Just like clockwork," he sighs. "Going to the city . . . Jesus, these one night stands just kill me. It doesn't seem worth it." I told you he was introspective.

As soon as he's had these dour thoughts about our Eden we soar into the sky for some impressive aerial shots of San Francisco interrupted by a sharp cut to two young

sters making out in a bedroom. Is this symbolism? Are people in Iowa going to think this town is one big bedroom? Is this bedroom a metaphorical brig?

Since this blonde and brunette pair are attractive, one with fleshy protruding nipples and both with your basic, attractive all-American cock, I didn't think about these questions. We'll have a symposium later. These are the only two actors in the film I don't know, but since *The Brig* was filmed here, you might. I was distracted from *The Name Game* by some fascinatingly sharp closeups of their cocksucking, rimming and fucking. The brunette has some slow, deep grinds for the blonde. They reverse positions and the blonde goes after the brunette more aggressively, resulting in a JO gusher.

"Mr. Ross" has arrived in the city during this, but with his continual moping doesn't think he's ready to face the bars yet. So he goes to an art gallery "to cool down." Ah, the safe, sexless boredom of art.

The art gallery scene is blessed with the film debut of a model who used to advertise in this paper's classifieds as *The Dago*. At \$20 he was inexpensive. I always planned to rent him, but waited too long, for he moved to New York. Seeing him in action I'm full of self-reproach. Come back, Dago! I can't figure out which of these screen names — Jim Stevens? Dick Cooper? — may be his. His co-star is a humpy blonde who hasn't left town, but may want to when I dish him. He seems lobotomized. Immobile, he stares into space. The

(Continued on next page)

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## PORN CORNER

### Restless

KARR

BAY AREA REPORTER, DEC. 30, 1982, PAGE 31

The Nob Hill Cinema has finally gone legit. They have not stopped showing porno, but they have added a one-act play. This show looks like a jack-off solo, but it's not your usual "Slap, whack, thank you, Mac" routine. It's so elaborate and thought out that it's a play. The plot happens to be a jack-off, but it's the packaging of the play may depend upon your ability to figure out what it is you're watching. There's no sense in bringing outmoded expectations to a presentation like this.

The name of the twenty-minute play is **Restless**. It's late at night in an army barracks. A hunky blonde soldier lies sleeping on his bunk. He's snoring loudly, regularly. Another bunk is empty, but soon its owner enters. He's dark-haired and seems compactly muscled under his baggy fatigues. He's handsome, smooth. He's also drunk.

He stops to take a swig off his bottle and stands still while lost in a haze. It slowly becomes apparent that this little play is being performed in "real time"—the same length of time to play as fiction that it would take in reality. On stage that can seem slow as our attention focuses on every detail. Something else becomes apparent. We are hearing no soundtrack, no background music. Nothing but the silence of reality. Odd, what you can hear when there's lots of silence.

The fellow behind me wore a vinyl jacket. As he breathed and moved it slightly back and forth, it crackled like a geiger counter. In the perfect silence it drove me nuts. Halfway through the show the man's friend told him about it, and he replied, "Oh, that's nothing."

It was a tiny noise, of course, but with the heightened realism of **Restless** and the quiet of the theatre, it was magnified. The man who couldn't hear the noises his own body made also couldn't tune into the show, and left before it ended. Finally the silence became fully silent.

On stage the drunk soldier lolled tipsily about, slowly undressed, groped his crotch once or twice in a naturalistic way, went off stage where we heard him take a leak, drank some more booze, and fell on his bed. His roommate continued his own snoring. There was no overt sexuality, but our expectations were such that interest built, even some suspense. Just how was he going to get to it. I wondered.

I shouldn't have troubled my mind. Put a drunk soldier on a bed, let him rearrange his back with a stroke or two through his baggy boxer shorts, and he'll be beating it soon enough.

But not too soon. This is real time. He checks out his friend, to see how deep his sleep is. Then he sneaks a sex magazine from the man's foot locker and finally begins to jack-off. The long and silent exposition has set up the sex perfectly. I accepted it as reality: something that doesn't often happen with stage offerings.

Out of his clothes the soldier is more attractive. Aroused, he's hot stuff, muscular and well proportioned. He has a beautiful backside. His ass-cheeks, round and solid, clench tightly as his hand pumps his cock. His legs are sturdy and shaped well, his back a flowing expanse of solid strength. He sometimes uses both fists to jack-off.

But the sex magazine does not do much for him. So he does something positively daring, absolutely homosexual. It's a moment of convoluted sexuality and straightforward desire that pays homage to the stories of James Purdy, Tennessee Williams and Leo Herlihy. Slowly he peels back the blanket covering his sleeping friend, exposing a glorious mound of humpy, honey-colored ass, and jacks-off while staring at these twin glories. The silence was so perfect and unbroken that I could hear the deep, sexually-charged breathing of the man having sex on stage.

His resultant orgasm is contained, suppressed. He does not want to wake his friend. This is where the silence of the theatre and our expectations became the most fun. Would the sleeper wake? Would they make out together? Would one call the other queer? In the dead still of the theatre, in the creep of on stage time my imagination was freed to roam over all the possibilities inherent in the situation. What finally happens came as a surprise, and I won't reveal it here. Suffice to say that it is totally in keeping with what has preceded, and in retrospect, the only possible finale.

There is a lengthy moment when both soldiers are still. "Oh, now we're going to watch them sleep," whispered the geiger counter behind me, before he got up to leave. This was the exact moment when I thought the play was most fun, as I tried to second guess what would happen. It seems like an Andy Warhol moment—the guys on stage are asleep! But the key to **Restless** is just that Warhol touch. This is not a traditional sex show. It's a performance piece with a sex story in it. It's a mood, a feeling. It's curious, and not terrifically exciting. But it's different and creative.

The word of mouth on **Restless** won't be great. Other than the actual jack-off within it, it's nearly a non-event. But I liked it. It's real, it has mystery, and it put me closely in touch with silence and the brooding masculinity that can exist within a simple, unexaggerated jack-off ritual.

It won't slay you with sex, but if you're curious and can tune in to its subtle wavelength, you'll find an unusual performance piece. Certainly not the sort of thing you'll find at the Magic Theatre, where performance pieces are all the rage, and not even at Theatre Rhino, where this sort of Gay theatre would be just a bit too much.

**Restless** may lack mass appeal, but I didn't get restless during it. It's performed twice daily, except Monday, at approximately 1:25 and 8:25. There's a late show at midnight Friday and Saturday nights. My thanks to the star performer, too.

Please call theatre for exact show times



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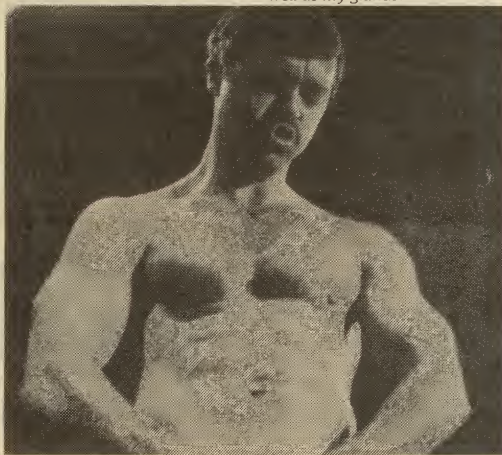
(Continued from previous page)

Dago arranges his arms, undresses him as if he were a mannikin. He's got a hard-on (and a pretty, chubby cock he's got) and when naked is such a succulent, fleshy thing that one marvels at his body and stiff cock and forgets his presence — or lack thereof.

The Dago is gorgeously handsome, sporting that sexually mature yet still innocently childish aura with which Linda Ronstadt drives straight guys wild. It's in his wide, trusting eyes. He's intensely romantic, moving slowly, brushing their bodies and lips together. His cock is beautifully formed, natch, and the close-ups of both their cocks — the blonde's swollen like a ripe melon from his dark cockring, glistening — made my teeth ache. The statuesque blonde comes to life when he gets fucked, becoming vigorous, voracious, goading the Dago on to a double climax.

Still not ready to make it, Ross loiters on a pier. I don't know what he's waiting for — I'd gone through the little death twice already, just like the Dago. But he's into his mind trip, and reminisces about the time he was thrown in the brig while in the Navy. The guy sharing his cell was an exhibitionist who tried to turn him on.

Here's another local star,



Working up a heavy explosion, this nameless exhibitionist huffs up a hurricane while locked in **THE BRIG**.

familiar to millions of decent, red-blooded Americans across the country who heard him sing during the Gay Men's Chorus tour. Here he treats the camera as a lover. What a piece of cake he is! A chunky, massive and gym-hardened body, with pecs for yards and a nasty routine of self-love. Squatting dog-style, he parts the cheeks of a Lillian Russell-esque ass, caressing its mounds of solid flesh, and then presents his cock to the camera, working up a running flow of milky juice.

Colt star Ryan Kilgore appears next as Ross's commanding officer, commanding him to strip, lick his shoes, and get royally — navally — fucked. While Ross is undeniably handsome, with chiseled features, a look of penetrating depth and that sexy male shadow of bluish-black beard contrasted against an oil painter's complexion, he's relatively serene. This "Ross" is an actor locally known chiefly for his blinding physical charisma. Strangely, that hasn't transferred to film. He's sexy, and fucks Kilgore well, with a broad cock and sturdily pumping legs. But for that palpably physical feeling, his fans will have to watch for his next appearance at Theatre



"David Ross" gets a grip on Mickey Squires as the Zeus magazine star gets his own grip.

Rhino, where he always gets to take his clothes off and uses the *nom de theatre* "Thomas-Mark." He does become quite possessed, a writhing mass, for his final JO orgasm.

Kilgore steals the show, though, with a mesmerizing body and extreme sexuality. He's not a local boy, but I'm extending an invitation, as well as my glands.

so rich) as to meet it, he'll throw in a couple of extras wholesale; you shouldn't be dissatisfied. "Strictly trade," hah! He and Kilgore subjugate each other every way possible, rimming and fucking, savoring everything deeply. They are an excellent duo. Mickey has redeemed himself for me, after his silly appearance in **Red Ball Express**, and as for Kilgore... well, he's got an expression on his face that's quintessentially butch.

Although this scene was the climax for me, there's one more, in which Ross finally screws his courage to the sticking place and picks up Squires. Then he screws Squires. It's another good scene, though not as hot as the two Kilgore is in. The camera angles are great, and Squires' last JO is good. He reacts strongly, shooting much.

They are caught in a final freeze frame, kissing. Their heads are in the distance. Ross's still hard cock standing up front and center. It's a suitable farewell.

At 90 minutes **The Brig** is a lot of sex. If I hadn't taken a lust break I'd have been begging for parole. But that makes it a good movie to dip into whenever you're in the mood, and I can appreciate that. You'll ultimately want to see all the scenes, so you can mail me your Name Game form. **The Brig** ought to keep Savages busy, and later you can buy your favorite scenes for home use — or to have autographed when you run into these local boys who have made bad on the streets.

Karr



Ryan Kilgore takes top honors in **THE BRIG**.



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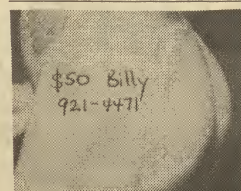
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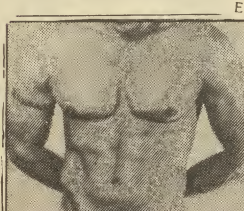
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## BOB'S BAZAAR JAN. 6, 1983 PAGE 31



# An open letter to the gay community on hepatitis B

## Hepatitis B, a serious disease, may be sexually transmitted

Sexually transmitted diseases among the gay community are epidemic. Herpes has recently received a lot of attention; gonorrhea and syphilis are well known; but the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) recently issued a major recommendation for the prevention of another sexually transmitted disease: Hepatitis B. In their *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report*, the CDC stated: "Susceptible homosexually active males should be vaccinated [against hepatitis B] regardless of their age or duration of their homosexual practices."

## Gay men are at a high risk of contracting hepatitis B

In one study, from 51% to 76% of 3,816 gay men seen in five sexually transmitted disease clinics had evidence of past or present hepatitis B infection. Once infected, there's a 6% to 10% chance of becoming a carrier—capable of passing on the virus. The CDC estimated there are nearly 1 million carriers in the United States and that 100,000 of these carriers are gay men.

## The hepatitis B virus can be passed on by contact with contaminated body fluids

such as saliva, urine, semen, and blood. The hepatitis B virus can be transmitted through tiny breaks in the skin or contact with mucous membranes. This can occur during intimate sexual contact and can lead to hepatitis B for the partner of an infected person. Although most patients recover and over half contracting hepatitis B do not get symptoms, there is no specific treatment and no known cure for hepatitis B infections.

## Hepatitis B may lead to even more serious complications

For those who do get symptoms of hepatitis B, a mild or severe "flu-like" sickness may continue for weeks or months. Ten percent of all infections become long lasting (chronic) with potential complications that are sometimes more serious than those of other sexually transmitted diseases. The serious complications include the chronic carrier state, chronic active hepatitis, chronic persistent hepatitis, cirrhosis, and even cancer of the liver. Every year almost 4,000 carriers die of cirrhosis. In addition, carriers have a risk 273 times greater than that of the general population of contracting a usually fatal form of liver cancer.

## Now this serious sexually transmitted disease is usually preventable by vaccination with the new hepatitis B vaccine

After more than a decade of research and development, a new vaccine is available for prevention, *not treatment*, of hepatitis B. In clinical studies, the vaccine was highly effective in preventing hepatitis B infection and was generally well tolerated. No serious adverse reactions occurred in these studies.

The vaccination regimen consists of a series of three injections, the first two a month apart and the third, six months after the first. To be effective, the vaccine must be given before a person gets hepatitis B. The vaccine helps prevent the disease: It is *not effective as a treatment*. We suggest that you consult your doctor to determine if you should be vaccinated.

**For more information  
about hepatitis B and the  
vaccine to prevent it, contact  
your doctor, clinic, or the  
American Liver Founda-  
tion. 998 Pompton Avenue,  
Cedar Grove, NJ 07009  
(201) 857-2626.**

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### Why you should consult your doctor or clinic

The vaccine helps protect against infection caused by hepatitis B virus. This virus is an important cause of viral hepatitis, a disease mainly of the liver. Even mild forms of this disease may lead to serious complications and aftereffects, including liver cancer. There is no specific treatment for viral hepatitis.

Vaccination is recommended for persons who have a higher risk of becoming infected with hepatitis B virus because of frequent, close contact with infected people or exposure to body fluids from such people. It will not

protect against hepatitis caused by viruses other than hepatitis B virus.

No serious adverse reactions were reported in over 6,000 individuals receiving the vaccine in clinical trials. The most frequent reaction was soreness at the point of injection; less common local reactions included redness, swelling, warmth, or formation of a hard, lumplike spot. The local effects were usually mild and lasted no more than 2 days after vaccination. Occasionally, low-grade fever (less than 101 °F) occurred. When it did, it usually lasted no longer than 48 hours following vaccination. In

rare cases, fever over 102 °F was reported.

More generalized complaints including malaise, fatigue, headache, nausea, dizziness, muscle pain, and joint pain were reported infrequently. Rash was reported rarely. As with any vaccine, broad use may reveal additional adverse reactions.

Your doctor or clinic knows what special care must be taken when administering the vaccine and in determining who should receive the vaccine. The vaccine is not intended for persons who are allergic to any of its components.